

MARY KINGWOOD'S SCHOOL



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MARY KINGWOOD'S SCHOOL

A REAL STORY

IDEALLY PRESENTED BY

CORINNE JOHNSON

PRIMARY TEACHER ^{IN} BROOKVILLE SCHOOLS

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

W. A. BEER

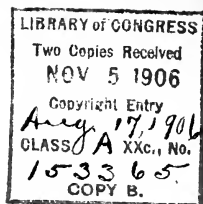
FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
OF CLARION COUNTY, PA.



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NEW YORK

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TO the thousands of Primary Teachers who have patiently read this story in *Teachers Magazine* this book is respectfully dedicated.

CORINNE JOHNSON.



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Introduction

Possibly the most potent motive to good teaching is that the teacher see herself teach. This can only be done in idea. The teacher becomes the observer of an ideal school in which she is the ideal teacher and her pupils ideal pupils.

The "I" in Miss Johnson's story is Miss Johnson witnessing herself as Miss Kingwood doing the work of the primary school.

In my experience as a teacher and as a director of teachers I became convinced that this phase of the teacher's life should be emphasized, and as I never had seen a book dealing with this idealizing of the school from the standpoint of sympathy, I suggested to Miss Johnson that she work it out using her own experience as a basis. It had been my pleasure to see her teach her first school and then six successive successful terms. I had studied her intuitions and talked with her on the pedagogy involved in her act. She

looked at me and wondered, so she has said in after years, but she continued to grow by native power and careful study of good pedagogy.

There are a few things that I think her story shows:

In its first phase it shows in her geography talks the relation of the human to other material things as they minister to his animal needs—food, clothing, and shelter. Fundamentally that is geography.

In its second phase her stories show the relation of the human to other human beings as their respective motives are shown by their achievements. Fundamentally that is history.

In its third phase her nature work shows the relation of the human to the forces of nature, that is natural science in popular form. Fundamentally, nature study is natural science.

In the fourth phase her literature work shows the relation that the human bears to life; to his own life, to the life of his fellows, to the Infinite Life, to all life. This is the idealizing phase of her work. Fundamentally this is literature.

Miss Johnson entered into the recital of her experiences with zeal and good judgment.

My work was simply to edit, and it has been a very helpful experience to me to witness a successful worker put the experience of almost a decade into the short compass of a book that will be as helpful to others as it has been to me, and I am sure also to the author.

Of one thing we may feel certain, her pedagogy is sound, for it has stood the test, and what has been done ideally by Miss Kingwood, has been done really by the author whom we have so sympathetically followed for the past school year.

W. A. BEER.

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Preface

This prefatory note shall be more in the nature of a personal explanation concerning the preparation of this book than an analysis of the pedagogical doctrine it is intended to inculcate.

Early in the autumn of 1904, my friend and former superintendent wrote me from New York and asked me to put in writing my experience as a primary teacher and to embody in the story the substance of the material used by me in my work with the little ones. He had observed my work for seven years and expressed faith in my ability to put the matter in attractive form. I consented to attempt the work on condition that he would outline the work and edit my production so that it would show what he desired it to show. I had no experience in literary work, and while I was ambitious to get into this new phase of the work, I feared for the result.

In response to my statement of my inability to do the work alone he gave me an outline in the following words:

“1. Let us say that every term of school should be a model for every other term of school. The work done for the children of the term of 1904 ought to be in its essentials the very same work done for the same grade of pupils in 1905. The only difference is in the experiences of the children. For instance, the children of 1904 may never have seen a flying machine, while in 1905, the county superintendent visits every school in the county outside his own home, in a flying machine. In that respect the work would change, but essentially a “sail” is a ship on the ocean whether propelled by a sheet of canvas or a turbine.

“2. The work done in the school of the primary grade should in a vague and indefinite sense embody the beginnings of all the sciences and in a relative measure all of the arts.

“3. The school as an institution for the promotion of the arts and sciences must be lost sight of in the primary school, and the school as an institution for the promotion of man must steadfastly be held in mind.

“4. The end of the school being the

growth of the child, the means employed must be conducive to the end and not subversive of it.

“5. It follows, then, that the essentials of the school in this grade are not that the child may reproduce, but that he shall create. Reproduction in the true sense, means that the child shall be given a pattern experience out of the life of the race, and in the measure that such pattern experience affects him, he must be *permitted* to reproduce it but never *required* to do so. To give him liberty to set free the divinity that is within him is a means to growth, to *require* him to reproduce the thought of another is to make him a parrot, and in spirit a parrot never grows.

“6. To sum it all up, a book to be a guide for a primary teacher should set ideals; (a) of sympathy—first, of the teacher in sympathy with the child, second, of the child in sympathy with the teacher, presuming that the teacher stands for the world to the child.

(b) The book should set ideals of the child's never-resting thought. It is a foolish thing to say “you must lead the child to think.” You can't prevent him from thinking. The book must show the best, the most simple, and the most natural thinking of the child concerning his environment.

“(c) The book should show ideals for child action, and, incidentally, it should show an ideal for form just so far as the form work of the grade is presented, which, it seems to me, should be incidentally, but from set purpose.

“(d) Lastly, the book should show the ideal teacher, therefore the book should be written in the third person.”

Much of my work up to this time had been done intuitively, but with this outline it seemed to become more organic and I take this opportunity to thank my former superintendent for the outline and for the patience he exhibited in editing from month to month my work, and for weaving in pedagogical suggestions that were often by me overlooked. I have asked him to write an “introductory chapter,” more fully to set forth the principles involved.

I take this opportunity also to thank Dr. Lang, the editor of *Teachers Magazine*, for his many kind words while the work was being done.

CORINNE JOHNSON.

Mary Kingwood's School.

I.

The First Month.

ONE bright September morning Miss Mary Kingwood hastened toward the Longport public school building, which was to be her school home for the next ten months. "The old brick," as the children called it, was the place that had, in the dreams ever since her election, played hide and seek in her busy brain. This morning she was in a very interesting state of anxiety about the beginning which must be made. The school was reputed to be the best in the county in the work of the higher grades. It was said to be far above the average in the formal work of the intermediate classes but very little good had been said for several years about the work of the primary room.

Miss Kingwood was not a beginner. She had a reputation sufficient to secure her election and the promise to the people by the school board that "things will be better." Very soon after her appointment she ascertained all the facts available concerning the school, and she wisely consulted the superintendent about the new conditions with which she was to deal. Later she had several interviews with the principal—several seemed to her to be necessary. He had opinions. So had she, but at the final interview she received the assurance that she had freedom to follow any plan she deemed wise, provided, of course, she kept in mind that the principal, the school board, and the patrons of the school expected great improvement in "Number One." The law, as she was given to understand it, was, 'The children must come from Number One better equipped for the work of Number Two than has heretofore been the case.'

But there was a more hopeful agreement reached at these interviews. Miss Kingwood asked to be allowed one half day each week to see the work of the other grades. When asked why she made such a request she replied, "Because I want to have in mind the work to be done by my children next

term and the next and the next, till they quit the school."

This demand seemed extraordinary to the principal, but he agreed to try it for one month, saying that he or one of his pupils would teach in Number One when Miss Kingwood was in the other rooms. She left the conference at which this agreement was reached with very great satisfaction, while the more experienced participant had, as he afterward said, very grave doubts in his mind.

The experiences with the superintendent, the principal, and with a few of the patrons she had met were memories to Miss Kingwood this September morning, that somehow seemed to her to have an important influence on her work. At every step as she approached the building, her foot came to the sidewalk more firmly, and before she had entered she had resolved—what the form of the resolve was need not be set down here—but her appearance indicated that she knew her power and would not abuse it. She had confidence in the principal and expected his guidance over difficult places.

She had come to the school-house early. As she entered she met the janitor coming out of the school-room that for the next ten

months was to be hers. She approached him with outstretched hand and a "Good morning, Mr. Harvey," with an expression of good will and a look of neighborly kindness that warmed the old man's heart, so that he murmured to himself as he passed into Number Two, "They told the truth, they did, she's all right."

The teacher was the first to arrive but soon the children came. Some skipped in with music in voice and action, while others stole in quietly as if in fear. They came singly, by twos, by groups, till more than fifty thronged the not too spacious school-room. Miss Kingwood's heart throbbed in sympathy with the little ones, and as she looked over her school she breathed a mute prayer for a bountiful harvest from this as yet almost unbroken field of human motive.

She made a quick inventory of the expectancy beaming from the children's eyes. How anxious had they been to get a first look at the teacher! How she wished that she knew the verdict of this most critical of juries! But she must wait, for had she not yet to reveal the motives surging in her heart and urging her to effort? She must wait. So she quietly, very much like a child, moved among the children as they came, and by

word and touch set at rest many an anxious inquiry.

“Would she be like mamma?” In a well-regulated school this question ought to be answered right. Miss Kingwood knew the power of touch, and by touch as much as by word she answered this question in such a way that the little strangers felt here was a woman who would love them as mamma loved them. It is the act of love by the teacher that assures the child that love from them will be a welcome offering, and many were the pure young lives that brought this offering to the new teacher this first morning of the term. Love for the pupil is the great power in the school, especially in the primary school. The child coming for the first time to the school to enter upon the experiences of the school with peace of mind! A healthful, hopeful state! How much it means! And love for mother! Eliminate from the ranks any teacher who by word or act so far forgets her mission as to lessen the faith of the little one in mother.

To the child entering school mother is the ideal woman. Mother is the sweetest, holiest name on earth. Oh, for more implicit faith in, and love for the mothers of this country! It is a part of the business of the

school to enlarge that faith and deepen that love.

This September morning several mothers came to the school, as one of them said, "just to get a look at the new teacher," and some came because the ones in whom they were most interested were timid and needed encouragement. Meeting these mothers was a helpful incident for Miss Kingwood. By a few words with the mother she got a glimpse of the inner life of the child. For this she was indeed thankful. And by casual remarks she learned some things of other children; one always does in school work.

At length the hour for the real work of the school was signaled, the mothers departed, and the little ones hurried and scurried through the room to get the places which each thought suited him or her best. It was a short period of trial, for there were disappointments, but the spirit of kindness had somehow got abroad and in a little while more than half a hundred children sat looking into the teacher's face, expectant, eager, ready for whatever might occur.

Miss Kingwood had taught, but as she met these assembly new visions passed before her, visions of responsibility for unshaped human lives. She did not hesitate. Every

moment was vital. She promptly moved to take the citadel of every little heart throbbing so anxiously in her presence. She had lived near to nature. She loved nature. Children were of nature, and she loved them because they were children, more to her than all the rocks, trees, birds, everything. Here she differed from some other worthy teachers I have seen work, who loved *some* children because they are "so nice." Miss Kingwood loved children because to her the one great fact of nature is life, its source, its need, its destiny.

This thought was with her at this hour, and as she met the gaze of the children the light of her countenance was a smile, not a "made to order shaping of lines and twitching of muscles," but a smile that was the index of the light of life illumining her face so that it shone with such beauty (she was not pretty) that every child felt it was real and that it would "not wash off." Nearly all the little ones smiled back their good will.

So far not a word had been uttered, but the first link in the chain of unity had been forged, and without the soul-killing process of asking names Miss Kingwood asked, "Do you know any songs?" She got the ready answer, and when she said: "Would you

like to sing?" she seemed to say to the children, "I am here to let you do your will. Only will to do some right thing." And the children never thought of the other side of the shield. What is the need of showing the wrong side, anyway?

Nearly every child had been to Sunday school. After the home, the Sunday school is the next great influence toward righteousness, and sad as it is to say it, it is often the first. Of course they wanted to sing. All normal children sing. If they don't sing with their voices they do sing with their souls, and so they are in unison with those who do sing with voice. One little girl, a born leader, with a manner worthy of a queen, said, "Please, teacher, may we sing 'Precious Jewels'?" Yes, that would be their first song. How the eyes sparkled! How the full hearts leaped in the joy of expectation of utterance! How eagerly each one waited for the signal and the keynote! With equal fullness Miss Kingwood gave the answer. That song had cheered her on her way many a time before, and they sang

"When He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

Like the stars in the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown."

When the singing was ended and the children had repeated the sentence, "Little children, love one another," Miss Kingwood knew that the beautiful gate of service had been opened. Cynics may sneer, and wise statesmen shake their heads for fear of too much religion in this sort of teaching, but it is, after all, the only way to civic righteousness.

This introductory exercise gave Miss Kingwood an opportunity to talk with the children. She moved around among them asking them questions, for the purpose of learning individual experiences from one and another of them so that she might be able to "hitch on" new things to these experiences. Wise girl, I thought. Incidentally, she learned the names of a number of the children and carefully noted them down. The work of this period was the first of a continued series of informal exercises which from day to day were so directed as to reveal to her the experiences and motives of every child under her care. The knowledge of these experiences was treasured up as her

most valuable resource, and hour by hour it was drawn upon at the proper time and was in her hands the means of arousing the most intense interest in the minds of the children.

I noticed that opportunity was given to every child in the school at some time to state some experience, and the story told by one child quickened the imagination of the other children, or caused some one to recall a like experience, or prompted the teacher to tell something that she had seen or of which she had read, or perhaps it suggested the teaching of a new song. Be what it may, an observing one could easily see that with all the excitement and enthusiasm of this hour there was a deep-laid plan back of it all, simple, it is true, but far-reaching in its purpose. Miss Kingwood said one day that she had a conviction that a child learns more in the first six years of its life than in any succeeding six years, and, said she, "believing this, how necessary it is that these oundation experiences be set in right relation to what is to come after." And again I said, "A wise girl."

I observed also that the teacher improved every opportunity to encourage the children, as she said, "to utter *themselves*," with peculiar emphasis on the "selves." It was a

delight to her, and I thought to the whole school, to have a child bring to the recitation a story of some particular experience that had made *good* impressions on the child who related the experience, and it was a joy to her to have a child hold up some bright picture which had been found along its pathway from early consciousness to the present experiences of the school. The knowledge of these experiences was kept on the lower shelf of her brain, because she considered it the fundamental means for all the work of the term.

Every morning after the singing, sometimes a short exercise, sometimes longer, this hour of counsel was on. It was the great hour of the day. It furnished the material and the motive for all the rest of the day's work, not the ultimate motive, that was permanent, but the immediate motive was found in this important hour.

It was never a matter of concern to Miss Kingwood to find something to talk about. One child had a pet at home, another had seen a squirrel in a tree-top the day before, this one had been to the brook and had seen the little fishes swimming in the clear water, and that one had some equally interesting experience to relate. Every one was eager,

and some of them insistent, that he or she might express that which was urging for utterance. And the teacher so wisely directed this all-inspiring interest that it bore no semblance to that interest (?) which formerly hung over, and in some schools yet abides with, the everlasting story of the cat and the rat, whether those in themselves interesting creatures be in the hat or on the mat, or elsewhere.

In short, every "general information period," as one judge of good schools sneeringly called these sessions of "the congress of the children," as a more far-sighted one put it, was a period of most valuable legislation. In this congress hour Miss Kingwood might well be counted a child in her simple manner, but wisdom in simplicity marked her every action. It was an hour of intense interest, and every day when this congress was in session, the living, urging interest was so intense that "mats" and "hats" had no place in the deliberations, at least the reports and the speeches bore no trace of the influence of such inactive objects.

Miss Kingwood ventured the explanation to me that this was because there was too much of the real thing in their cat stories and rat stories to allow conventional situations

to enter into the discussions, and the way she said it, led me somehow to feel that she knew what she was talking about. She told me that once in a formal school she had asked a six-year-old boy if he could spell "cat," and he replied with just a bit of disgust in his manner, "certainly I can, I learned that years ago."

When this term of school of which I am writing began, the flowers were in bloom, many of the lovely fall varieties. The fruits were ripening, and here and there a leaf had received the tints which always carry with them a tinge of sadness.

Miss Kingwood one morning told them that these tints were wireless messages from a very old and respected king called Jack Frost. This was only at the beginning of the vague talk of sending wireless telegrams but it serves to show how this teacher lived in the present and linked the living realities with the beautiful imageries ever so dear to the human heart. She said that only very wise people could read the message in the colors of the leaf, but that when one became wise he could always find in them the words "cold weather is coming," and little Tom Baker immediately wrote on his tablet an

order to "Mister Santa Claus," that he needed a new sled this winter.

This letter, coming to the teacher's attention, became common property by her writing it in large letters, correctly spelled, on the blackboard, so that all might see and understand, even if they could not spell out the words. Miss Kingwood told so kindly how the child heart uttered its desires to the good old saint, and the little ones did not need to know the letters, for universal language is not confined to Roman script, and every child in the room put into this universal language a message that went up from the leaping heart to the source of every good and perfect gift. Paradoxical as it may seem, not one of these messages had a trace of Tom Baker in it, yet every one of them was all Tom Baker.

Tom himself had a copyright on the letter, which he kept ever after among his most treasured possessions, but every child grew in this hour by eliminating "sled" from the equation and substituting "doll" or "hood" or some other ideal gift that filled the life that created it.

The teacher's way of putting it was that she would rather improve an opportunity to draw the child gently away from his desires

by putting things in relation as nearly as may be, than to set a hard and fast rule that December, and not September, is the time to teach about Christmas, and that since the Christmas lesson is in the December plan, there is where it must be taught. "True," she said to me one day, "it is somewhat easier to give the lesson on corn in the June time when the corn is growing in the fields, but sometimes things don't fit, and I would sooner make a cornfield in an old box than to spoil a lesson by fixing a special date for it. Nature does not give us advance notice of our great experiences, and to me it seems that the spiritual growth of children must come without any pre-arranged plans. Pre-arrangement is all right for the multiplication *table*, but multiplication is another thing, don't you think?" And I did think so, wouldn't you? I said to the teacher, "You must believe in the new method called nature study," and she replied, "What else can a child study?" And I thought some more. I referred to the ripening fruit. The children brought in apples. The first lesson which in any manner took the nature of formal instruction was about the apple, because the teacher preferred to be practical rather than poetical. She approached this lesson

on the presumption that all children know something about the things they eat and wear, and out of which houses are built, "but," said she, "some of these dear little ones have not yet been touched by the wand of beauty. Some of them know only the animal needs, and I must of necessity talk to them of food, clothing, and shelter, but by and by you will see them climbing the heights."

That was a favorite expression of hers when she witnessed their aspirations—"Climbing the heights!" To hear her speak those words was to be thrilled through and through and she said them often to the children and somehow they seemed to understand. Indeed, I believe it was a phrase for her to conjure by.

But the apple, I almost forgot it. It was round, red, and smooth. It served for food lessons, for a geography lesson, and before they were through with it, for a temperance lesson, too. Miss Kingwood, in speaking to Tom Baker one day, said, "Don't worry about strong drink, Tom. Be sure you know exactly what Tom Baker is worth and you will not have any time to think of hard cider."

It happened that day that Miss Kingwood

was standing near Tom's seat, and somehow his eager, sparkling eyes were looking deep into hers. As she was about to give Tom the message, both her hands were brought lovingly to the sides of the curly head as she pressed his rosy cheeks, and by that act pressed home to the little heart the worth of Tom Baker. Tom got the meaning—rough, rollicking Tom, unruly Tom, who knew little of kindness, looked into the teacher's eyes again, and said, "Not what goes into the mouth, but what comes out of the heart, is that what you mean, Miss Kingwood?" And as something bright sparkled on the teacher's eyelashes, she replied, "That is it, Tom, and the beauty of it is that what comes out of the heart determines what shall go into the mouth. It is the heart, Tom, that I was thinking about."

Tom understood, and so did every other child in the room, for had they not already learned that these messages were for them as well as for Tom?

The formal work of the school was not neglected, and of course the reading of the script on the blackboard was a most important and interesting exercise of every day's work. The teacher used the idiom "I see," very often, because she said it was the indi-

vidualizing of the child after all, that was the work of the school. A long list of names and words used for names were learned in connection with these words, and the forms of the nouns, pronouns, and verbs were changed according to the various modifications of those parts of speech; but no child in that happy company ever saw those grimy skeletons labeled "noun," "pronoun," "verb," or any of their hideous brood.

Back in the busy workshop of her brain the teacher was shaping plans which she knew would bring into the consciousness of the little ones the living principles which she recognized as "parts of speech," and which she knew they would recognize when the time for their appearance should come. In this language work the one thing always present in the ideal child-student is the need felt for means to communicate with an absent friend. Miss Kingwood held this to be fundamental, and to give this feeling of need to her pupils she brought them in imagination to commune with papa, mamma, baby, the birds, and all that myriad of absent beings with which the child felt that he held fellowship.

The song, the poem, the story, were ever at her call. She felt that the means for

growth were largely stored in the songs, stories, and poems of long ago. These must be at the child's command. They were kept in books. Miss Kingwood read from books. She read well. Her reading inspired the children and every one wanted to get for himself out of the books the things with which she had thrilled them. Oh, how they needed to read! And how soon they learned to read!

One day she told them a story. Oh, she often told them stories, that was a part of the great plan, but the day to which I refer she told them the story of the three bears. Why this story? Because Miss Kingwood believed that the work of the school is most effective when it continues the work of the home, of the right kind of a home. Every home worthy the name has story-telling of some kind along the way, and to continue the development begun in the home the teacher should know the stories current in the homes. So she told the story of the three bears because it was a "neighborhood story." Nearly every one in the school knew the story and could have told it through, but as Miss Kingwood told it, how they lived through the experiences of the growling papa

bear, the grumbling mamma bear, and the whining baby bear.

The play element so prominent in the child was utilized with this story. This element is strong in the child at this early age, and the teacher believed in directing force rather than in restraining it. Children have large powers of imitation. They act well, and in order to develop this power Miss Kingwood agreed with the children that the story should be acted out by certain ones of their number, and she wisely permitted them to make choice of certain parts to be taken by this child or that; and they, little philosophers, selected the teacher for a part.

"The play's the thing," said Hamlet, and it is just as certain to reveal the bear as it is the king-killer. This bear play was a delight to the children, and they often asked the privilege of playing the bear story. This experience was a means of taking an inventory of stock in trade, and the teacher improved the opportunity many times. Her observations were of especial value in the succeeding months of the term. After acting the story, the children read it, read it by the whole sentences without missing a word, and this to Miss Kingwood's way of thinking, was a very significant comment on

all the "scientific" patent processes of teaching reading.

She always sought to create a feeling of need for the words and sentences, and somehow they always came when needed. Her explanation of the ease with which the children learned to read was, "When I need certain articles to do a piece of art work, and know where to get the articles, I go after them. I think that is the way with a child learning to read. When she feels that she needs words with which to read and knows where to find them, she will go after them. I believe in getting the child to go after things, and we must not forget that she gets words from others as well as from the teacher."

Thus the month went on. It drew to a close. But what a month! Noon hours and recesses were as fruitful as if not more so than the hours of the sessions. The teacher joined in the plays of the children. They learned to know her better through the play, and she them. In the games, they gave the place of honor and the place of difficulty to the teacher, and when the month closed she had won the hearts of the children, and she felt that by coming in contact with their pure lives she had become a nobler woman and a better teacher.

I observed also that her weekly visits to the other rooms were not without effect. She assumed no air of superiority. She met the other teachers as a learner and never as a critic. They were friends.

II.

Second Month.

THE chill and dreary rains of autumn had no depressing effect on Miss Kingwood's enthusiasm. During the month just closed she had explored new fields and found new treasures. What a month! Yes, she had met some disappointments, but her love for children as a collective representation of human growth and human possibility had differentiated into love for individual children, and thus her love for *the child* was intensified, and so was her love for her work. In the future, as she peered into it, she saw herself a successful teacher. And in her visions she saw the children a potent factor in her professional growth. She felt at the threshold of this month that the love and sympathy of the pupil is the strength and hope of the teacher.

It happened that this Monday morning was the first day of the month, and it seemed

to Miss Kingwood that a review of September's work was an appropriate beginning for October. Indeed, the entire day was spent recalling the growing experience of the past month. The best story was told again. The favorite games were played once more. The most helpful songs were sung for the good they had done, and everything that could in any way be made the basis for enlarging the lives of the children was carefully talked over by teacher and pupil. Miss Kingwood led in the work of suggestion and question, but she was only one of the enthusiastic company. During the day she told several new stories for further use. These she had selected to the end that they might stand in relation to the work that had been done and thus stimulate inquiry and intensify interest. Her chief work for the day, however, was to take careful notice of the suggestions of the children, not as a school, but she made special note of the trend of thought of each child. She said, "To know the impressions received by each child is my greatest desire."

Her greeting to the pupils was, "Last week we said 'good-bye' to September, and now we are beginning a new month. Who can tell me its name?" Of course a number

knew, and she permitted all who knew to answer in concert at her signal. "October" rang out clear and positive from almost every one in the room. The fact that so many at this early age know the names of the months suggests that children in general know a great deal more concerning the things within their environment than teachers recognize. In questioning children about common things Miss Kingwood gave them a chance to "utter themselves," and in these exercises she revealed the beauty of the child's unconscious answers to questions within his experience. He comes to this service, not with fear and trembling lest he may give the wrong answer—the answer is nothing—but with joy, the joy arising from growth, from enlarging life because of the power within himself to grow.

Miss Kingwood regarded the formal work of the day as a matter never to be neglected, and she led the children to express themselves in complete sentences with the right inflections of verbs, pronouns, and adjectives as well as the best words to use. The answers to questions were always put into complete sentences before the exercise was finished, so the "favored" child was indicated by the teacher's quietly saying, "Clara

may tell," and Clara promptly responded, "Miss Kingwood, this is October." The language work is the most important work of the school on the form side, and carefully, by significant look and artless inquiry, she led them to use right language.

Her influence over the little ones reminded me of the story of another teacher and a little boy naturally disposed to be rough and to play the rowdy. After the boy had been in school a short time his mother noticed that he was more thoughtful and quiet and she asked, "Does your teacher teach refinement, politeness? What does she do?" The little fellow replied, "Why, she just walks around, talks with us, and we feel polite." Ah, that is the mystic charm after all! It is the way the teacher expresses herself that leads the children to the same.

"October!" What a myriad of lessons grew out of this one word! Observing the interest the child has in his home life Miss Kingwood kept the home before them in such a manner as to please them greatly. One morning she asked, "What was mamma doing when you came to school?" How anxious they were to tell! Of course, mamma was canning fruit, as many of the children remembered, so that they might

have "something nice to eat during the long winter months." Another mamma was making clothes for the children, and another was helping papa pick apples to put in the cellar.

"What did you see on your way to school?" "What birds did you notice as you came to school?" "Were there many?" This question about the birds aroused little Paul Thomas, and with eyes sparkling and voice eager, he said, in a tone which meant he was surprised to hear her ask the question, "Why, Miss Kingwood, the birds have all gone to the South, so they would not get frozen this winter." Then he told how he had watched the birds gathering and getting ready for their long flight. From Paul's conversation there arose a long discussion about which birds go south, why they go, and when they would return. One said they went away so that they could get food, and another said they went because they could not bear the cold. Frank Jones said that bobolinks and swallows go first, and after talking the matter over the children concluded that birds that live on seeds and winter berries stay with us all winter.

One day, not long after, little Paul came with a list of the names of birds, poorly writ-

ten it was, but to him a great text-book on ornithology, and Miss Kingwood used it to the ed fication of the others, and under the inspiration of the honor Paul grew. He had named only those which stay with us, and thus he unconsciously took a long step into the mysteries of natural science. Where there is a leader there are followers, and many of the school wanted to make a list. They did make one. They started the science way. Not book scientists. No, for they all agreed that they would watch to see which birds would be the last to go south.

The children as they came into the room in the morning always gathered around Miss Kingwood's desk for a morning talk before school. She said that these confidences between her and her pupils before the opening of school and at recess often suggested to her the line of work for the day, and during these periods she was able to outline the formal work of the recitation periods. But more than this, in these happy moments she was finding the royal road into the affections of her pupils. She was thus becoming one of them.

In studying her work and the children Miss Kingwood was delighted when she found how nature appeals to the impressive

and responsive nature of the child. Her nature work developed more fully in the study of seeds, grains, fruits, leaves, and birds, but the autumn rains, the chill winds,—a prophecy of winter—and the occasional flurry of snow made rich contribution to the abundant supply. She recognized that nothing can better serve to unify the work of the primary school than the observation of the natural phenomena which fall within the field of the child's experience—this phenomena observation is commonly called "nature study," without a comprehension of the meaning of the term. Miss Kingwood had no large writ "Nature Study" labels on her blackboard, but the force and value of the process made philosophers of her pupils, philosophers that caught a glimpse of the meaning of God and immortality, while learning the sublime art of making bread.

In the collection of seeds many were brought in fresh from the fruit, and ways of drying them were devised so that they could be arranged to be kept. The principal caught the meaning and the value of the work going on, and promptly supplied small bottles in which to keep the seeds.

The topics of interest concerning seeds

were their form, size, color, use, seed-pods, or cradles, means of transportation, and purpose. They talked of the wings, hooks, and sails. They told how they were scattered by wind, water, beast, and man. The seed of the chestnut in its burr was a great delight, and burr, shell, and flesh of the nut were eagerly observed and fully discussed. This study was marked with great enthusiasm.

The beautiful autumn leaves were brought in and the task was to find as many varieties as possible. To cheer them in their work Miss Kingwood read to them "October," by Helen Hunt Jackson. This day she began her lesson by saying, "Do you know there are artists who paint word pictures just as beautiful and wonderful as those painted with brush and colors? While I read, you may close your eyes and see the pictures." How I wish every teacher could have heard her read that poem!

They saw the dying golden-rod, they smelled the fragrant grapes, they could see the chestnuts falling, and hear them. Then they took their pencils and brushes and paints and made the picture of what they saw, and without any hesitancy regarding the color of the leaves, apples, and grapes.

Judging from these pictures, Miss Kingwood concluded that the October color is red, and she said, "Mother Nature dipped many times into the red paint pot to paint pictures for you."

The red leaves and the yellow ones were pressed and then mounted and the pupils were filled with October and its beauties, and through these experiences had looked through Nature up to Nature's God. They had in a sense felt the poet's meaning when he sang:

"All are parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the soul."

In connection with these lessons Miss Kingwood taught the children an autumn song, "Sweet Summer's Gone Away."* This increased the interest. Next she gave them the story "Seedlings on the Wing."†

She had made it a rule of her life to try to see something beautiful every day, and it was easily kept in this glorious month of October, when "earth's crammed with heaven," and she had great opportunity to do something for somebody every day. She also noticed how the little children were putting into

*Words by Allingham, from *Fountain Song Book*, A. Flanagan Co., Publishers.

†From *Cat Tails and Other Tales*.

practice the verse they had learned, "Little children, love one another," for they seemed to derive great pleasure from doing little acts of kindness every day; little acts, we say, but as great in purpose as the martyrdom of Stephen or the liberation of the slaves, only less in their field of influence.

Miss Kingwood's visits to the different rooms proved a helpful experience to her. One day when she went to Room Number Two, she was very much impressed by the attitude of the teacher. She was one among her children. Her enthusiasm in the work was unconsciously communicated to all who came in touch with her, and Miss Kingwood left her presence with a fixed determination to still greater effort.

III.

The Thanksgiving Month.

WITH eager faces and with voices ringing with exclamations of delight, the children gathered around their teacher on a bright cold Friday morning in November. Snow had fallen and they felt the joy of a bright, winter's day. Where will you find a child with sound body who is not happy with the first snowfall? These pupils of Miss Kingwood came into her presence with overflowing hearts, and she remembered what the Book and the poets had said about snow as an emblem of innocence and purity. She had them learn a new song that morning about the "Beautiful Snow," and as soon as they had sung she permitted one of the pupils to find the verse about washing to be whiter than snow. Then she impressively read a number of verses from the psalm from which it was taken.

At noon the sun had come out, and as little Ben Parker said, carried some of the snow up to the stars and some of it got away to fill the streams before ice would come. The snow was gone, but its mission had been fulfilled. Instead of the bluster and flurry of the early morning, the afternoon sparkled with sunbeams and Miss Kingwood thought it would be best to improve the perfect day by going to the woods with the children, as this might be their last opportunity till spring should come again.

When she asked, "How many would like to take a walk?" they with one voice asked, "Oh, Miss Kingwood, may we go to the woods?"

They went, and what a day it was! What a walk! They discovered secrets of nature that surprised even the teacher. The trees were almost leafless, but here and there a green pine stood framed in with the lighter-colored leafless trees making for the keen eyes the most delightful picture visions. The sky was a beautiful grey, as November skies usually are, but every child was happy. They saw only the bright side of the day. What a wonderful thing is the child heart!

And how they talked—talked of the leaves falling, the flowers dying, the preparation for

winter, the fallen leaves forming a coverlet for the seeds, the food stored away for insects, animals, and man, and Miss Kingwood reminded them that nature seemed to be preparing for a rest. What lessons were learned! Stimulated by their environment one of the children asked if they could not play "‘Come, little leaves,’ said the Wind one day," and as this was a favorite game they all joined in the request for it. That was a royal rehearsal that afternoon. They caught the spirit of the time, and their teacher said she was sure she saw them grow while engaged in it.

During the month Miss Kingwood visited several other rooms in the building and came away from them with encouragement and new zeal. She noticed one teacher in particular who made no effort to turn out a number of students exactly alike, but with a most inspiring disregard for conventionalities she allowed the greatest freedom in the way of doing and saying things. Miss Kingwood took particular note of this, for she was impressed with the independence and clearness of expression of many of this teacher's class, and she said, "Here is one giving her life that these may have more abundant life," and she went out of her

presence inspired. While she was in this room they were having a lesson in literature, and under the magic touch of the teacher the children seemed to be inspired; and true teaching inspires all beholders. Miss Kingwood felt the charm of a noble spirit in tune with the poet's holy vision and she returned to her own little flock with a halo of glory around her purpose which to her was life, for with her to purpose a line of school work was to do that work. It is true that the children in school appreciate much that seems beyond their understanding, but in literature the heart feels even if the intellect may not reveal the line of life on which the story hangs.

Out of this room on this particular day Miss Kingwood came with conviction that children may memorize poems the meaning of which may not be explained to them, and thenceforth the nobler stanzas of great poems found their way into the child mind along with the simpler rhymes and plainer tales.

A few days after this visit she brought into the room a picture of Eugene Field, the children's poet, and placed it where all the children could see it. She then asked if any of them knew whose picture she had brought for them, and as usual all wanted to tell, at

least each one knew some one that he thought it looked like, or that looked like the picture. A number of them said, "It is Professor Brown." Now Professor Brown was the principal, and the ideal man in the estimation of many of the children, if not of all. Strange, how a good teacher takes the place of all others, even of father, in the mind of the child in school. But Professor Brown was the one man they knew, really knew, outside of their homes. Once Miss Kingwood told me that she was sure the teacher, not only in school work, but in every way, is the model by which the child creates his ideal, and that children are influenced more than we think, by the physical appearance of the teacher.

To prove her statement she used this incident. It happened one day that Miss Kingwood wore a black guard on her watch, and one of her pupils when he went home from school that evening and was greeted kindly by his mother, as was her habit, noticed that she wore a gold chain on her watch. Johnny looked at her for a few moments and then asked, "Mamma, why don't you wear a black string on your watch like Miss Kingwood does?"

I wish that every teacher might realize the

influence she has in the lives of the little ones committed to her care. If we might see the shores to which the waves may reach, how much truer teachers we would be.

But to go back to our lesson—she told them it was the portrait of a good man who had a little boy of his own, and who loved all little children. His name was Eugene Field, she said, and then she told them stories of his life in such a way that made the children feel that Field had loved them. She laid particular stress on the fact that he was ready at any time to lay aside his work that he might have an opportunity to tell them stories, to sing them quaint lullabys, or to calm a children's quarrel. She told them how he always bought toys of some kind, a drum, a pop-gun, a dolly, a boat, or candy to take to his own children, or for some little one he perchance might meet. She told them that it was said of Mr. Field that at one time he had gathered together twenty-six dolls and had them ready for any who might be without a doll, and that his great pleasure was to bring pleasure to the one to whom a doll was given.

And then to my surprise she sat down among the little ones and talked on with them about Eugene Field and his verses.

She said his poems were filled with good things, the things that children like best, and that they had the true child heart, "and," said she, "grown up people all over the land grew to love him just as the children did, and when he was alive they wanted to hear his verses from his own mouth because he could read and tell them better than any one else."

"One time," she continued, "he took his little boys to a town not far distant where he was to give a reading that evening. During the entire time that he was reading for the people these two little boys sat on the front seat and with eyes and mouth wide open listened to every word their father uttered. When the meeting was over and they had gone to the home of a friend, where they were to spend the night, Mr. Field said to his boys, 'Well, boys, how did papa do to-night?' The boys quickly replied, 'Oh, papa, you never did better in your life.' This pleased the great man and he said it was the greatest compliment he had ever received. I think it was a great tribute from a six-year-old boy."

After Miss Kingwood had talked in this way for some time to the children, and they seemed to realize that Mr. Field was their friend, too, she read for them "Little Boy

Blue," and then told them that if they had gone to Mr. Field's home while he was alive they would have seen the little toys covered with dust just where Mr. Field's little boy had placed them the night before the angel came for him. One little girl in the class who read and memorized poems in a remarkable manner said, "Miss Kingwood, Mr. Field wrote 'Little Boy Blue' after his own little boy had died," and noting her intense interest in the matter she asked how much of it she knew. The little girl replied that she knew it all, and Miss Kingwood asked her to repeat it. With voice eloquent with emotion, she began:

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

That was an elocutionary entertainment worthy the greatest of audiences. As the child went along not missing a word or sound, with her heart throbbing and an expression of something more than of this earth on her face, the school was impressively silent, but the light in the eyes of the children showed that they were living through the story with the reader.

Following up the interest aroused in this

kind of literature, Miss Kingwood in a few days gave the children that most beautiful poem "The Dutch Lullaby," and told them it was one of the most nearly perfect poems ever written, and as she read it the children seemed to float away

Over a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.

These poems always brought delight to the children and space will not permit even a reference to the many, many lessons incidentally learned while doing this work. Miss Kingwood found, as every earnest teacher will find, that time was all too short to do what she felt ought to be done with this phase of her work.

Another day she took up the story of the first Thanksgiving, and I was astonished at the geography and history work these little ones did. I noticed that on special occasions there was a great deal of formal work, and so it was with this Thanksgiving lesson, but these wise little tots caught the spirit of the true thankfulness of doing for others and in giving to others, and they took especial delight in the lines,

'Tis loving and giving
That makes life worth while.
'Tis loving and giving
That makes life a song.

And this sentiment seemed to be their motto, the guiding star in their work.

This lesson on thankfulness was brought to a close the day before Thanksgiving, at which time the children had a literary program, and every one in the school took part. The parents were invited to come in. The children strung grains of pop corn, brought fruit, and every one was anxious to help decorate the school-room, for mamma and papa were coming to-morrow. A huge "Jack-o'-lantern" was placed in each window, the curtains were drawn, the lanterns lighted, and every one was so full of joy and entered into the occasion with heart and soul so full of purpose that there was no chance for failure. The morrow came and with it the children and their parents with baskets of supplies. These were set around the platform while the exercises went on, and one could see here and there peeping from under covers, such articles as potatoes, apples, bread, meat, and all sorts of food. After the program was completed, Miss Kingwood spoke a few words and the supplies were taken by the grown people to the homes of those who were not favored with plenty of food for the next day's dinner. Many of the parents tarried to talk of Susie,

or Jennie, or John, and from this brief conference with these earnest mothers Miss Kingwood gained great help for the days yet to come.

As the patrons left the building on this occasion they remarked one to the other, "They were right, she *is* different from other teachers we have had." And from their words of encouragement Miss Kingwood concluded that her work so far had not been in vain. She felt that she was getting acquainted and that a bond of sympathy between herself and the parents as well as the children had been established, and that as the years went on it would not be broken.

Her's was a high resolve that day to live worthy of her opportunity and to bring to these little ones the riches of knowledge through the riches of love and devotion to life and life's enlargement through the means afforded by Nature and Nature's God.

IV.

The Christmas Month.

THE Thanksgiving season to which the children had looked forward with such eagerness had come and gone. But the interest did not abate, because Miss Kingswood always had some new vision, and she was so skilful in drawing aside the veil that the glimpse thus afforded became a mighty power in urging the little ones into exploration of the new-found realms of thought and fancy.

With the December days she felt new responsibilities. The whole silent world seemed a veritable fairy-land of beauty, and this in itself was an inspiration to Miss Kingswood, but while the external environment had its influence, the presence of the children was her great source of strength.

In spite of the drifts of snow and the biting zero weather, almost every child was present every day. The teacher and her pupils by

this time had become such fast friends that if one were absent it seemed as if one instrument out of a great orchestra were silent. They had reached that point at which each seemed to live for the other. One mother said, "Miss Kingwood, my little boy just loves you." Miss Kingwood felt that it was not so much what she could teach, as what she could do in suggestion, that would enable the children to create for themselves ideals. She believed that the child must himself set free the divinity that is within him, and to that end she planned this Christmas lesson.

On these winter days the warmth and cheer of the school-room was in marked contrast with the cold and storm without, and it in fact did service in the work on hand. Then there were days when the calmness of the weather and the whiteness of the snow came to her aid. She marshaled all these forces into her service. The children wanted to sing. Mary Knight had heard "Tiny Little Snow Flakes," and others came to know of it. They wanted to sing it and it was but a short time till all knew both words and melody.

They talked of the snow, uses of the snow, winter sports, of the little people of the North. They learned about the Eskimo, the Lap-

lander, the reindeer, the arctic dogs, and other animals of the far North. Miss Kingwood found this a great season for nature study. And, in speaking of the richness of these experiences, she said, "After all, this is the only way." I asked her what she meant, and she replied, "Why, these unstudied lessons in nature, these unbidden opportunities for investigation which march in legions before you when you go to seek the better life. I look for facts that will enable the children to build air castles, in the true sense, and nature and the spirit bring facts, facts, facts, all in relation." The joy of the school work is in seeing these relations."

Following along with experiences of snow and storm, the fuel and food and home comforts, they came to the place for the story. Miss Kingwood never said, "to-morrow we shall have a story," but when the time came the story was in waiting, and was given in such a way that it accomplished what it was intended to accomplish. On the day I have in mind she read to them Hawthorne's "The Snow Image." No one can know how these children sympathized with the little snow sister, and how they lived through the story as with inspiring voice the teacher read.

The Christmas spirit was everywhere.

The Christmas atmosphere pervaded the work of the entire month. The desire of Miss Kingwood was that the happiness of the children should be unlimited at this Christmastide. Her judicious leading revealed the joyous, trustful, unconscious-of-self, the affectionate child-nature, which is the best semblance of what might be on earth. The teacher's part in keeping that pure nature of the child a bit of heaven, we might say, is a sacred trust, and Miss Kingwood realized that the Christmas season is especially adapted to cultivate the joyousness of childhood.

Of course, the children wanted to talk about Santa Claus. Who ever heard of a Christmas without a Santa Claus? The children wrote letters to "Mr. Santa Claus," and made known to the dear old Saint their wants. Tom Baker's joy was full when it came to this, for ever since the day he had written for a sled, Christmas and the sled had been uppermost in his mind. Some parents were heard to say, "There is nothing in it," and one asked his child, "Did Miss Kingwood say there is a Santa Claus?" Oh, if we could but educate the parents who do not understand, we would offer the children the means for more abundant life.

Miss Kingwood spoke truly when she said, "Yes, I believe in Santa Claus, a real, genuine one, overflowing with Christmas love and good cheer. He typifies Christmas love, or that love which prompts us to make others happy." To her it seemed only a step from the Thanksgiving lesson of gratefulness for the things of earth to the gift of the Christ Child, so from the first day of the month till Christmas Eve there was constant study of things in relation to this, the greatest event of all history. Especially helpful were the periods devoted to the study of the pictures of Jesus as presented in copies from the world's great masterpieces, and wonderful strength was gained by appropriate poems, such as "Christmas Bells," "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," and "The First Christmas."

With the children, Miss Kingwood painted a picture, beginning with the nature thought of the meadow, the sheep, the shepherd, the hills around the little Judean town, and, as the picture grew, it took definite shape for the background of the "Coming of the Christ Child." Then when the advent was laid before their vision the picture was complete. Then came the sweet story of the "Babe of Bethlehem." It was given to the children

in such a way as to carry them through from His coming to His departure, and left in their lives the outline for a motive which was designed to lift them into higher and higher phases of living.

Passing from the historic recital, Miss Kingwood asked, "Shall we make gifts?" The hearty response was, "Oh, yes, let us give gifts, too." So Miss Kingwood promised them that before long they might make presents for mother and father. God have pity on the child who knows not the love of mother or father! But such a child adapts itself to conditions and selects some one on whom to bestow its love. The time for work came.

The children were overjoyed at the thought of making gifts and of surprising their parents. Even careless Paul took extra pains with his writing, and Sara worked doubly hard with her numbers. So they all went to work. The busy little fingers fairly flew. Miss Kingwood knew she had a task of vast magnitude, but when she looked into the faces of the children she received inspiration for the work, and the gifts were soon finished. They made raphia napkin rings tied with dainty ribbon for mother, and a blotter shaped like a stocking for father. It

was "fun" they said, this cutting and working for others, and when the work was completed many little hearts throbbed with unutterable joy. Small as the gifts were, the experience meant so much to the children and their parents. They had learned the beautiful lesson from

FLOWER AND WEED.

Unto our Lady's altar
Two little children came;
High through the painted casement
The sun shone like a flame;
Outside the birds were singing,
The day was nearly gone,
And there like frozen music,
Our Mother's statue shone.

One bore the rarest roses
Culled from the hot-house store,
And one some tiny posies,—
Just common weeds, no more.
And when the gorgeous blossoms
Shone in a rosy drift,
Warm from his tired fingers,
The poor child laid his gift.

That night a radiant vision
Came down from angel-land;
Our Lady smiled upon him,
And the weeds were in her hand;
And he knew then not the offering
Of treasures rare and fine,
But the love he gave her with it
Had made his gift divine.

—*Selected.*

The Christmas thought was further emphasized by having a Christmas tree, and the joyous occasion was fully rounded out by songs, stories, and poems, and as these little voices sang their glad Christmas anthem it seemed sweeter to Miss Kingwood and the many mothers present than their conception of that other song chanted over Judea's hills, and above the plains of Bethlehem, nearly two thousand years ago.

At the close of this day of special exercises, the teacher wished them a Merry Christmas and with a cheery "Good-bye," she was off for her holiday vacation with her mother, and whether her pupils went to homes where Christmas presents were heaped high on Christmas morning or to homes where Christmas presents were meager and rare, they went with memories and inspirations that made for better life in the days to come.

They had from the efforts of their teacher been able to obtain that which is better than any material gift—the Christmas spirit.

V.

Month of Snow and Ice.

WHEN Miss Kingwood walked towards the "old brick" the first morning after the Christmas vacation, she went not with fear and trembling, as she had gone on that first September morning, but with her heart full of joy that she was to meet again the little ones whom she had learned to love so dearly, and who had become so great a factor in her life. She greeted the children with her cheery "Good morning, children," and they, with eyes fairly dancing had given back "Good morning, Miss Kingwood," in a tone that showed that their hearts also were full. She felt that this was a happy moment.

Each child was anxious to show to the teacher some gift or to tell about what he had received and what he had given, and she, with her penetrating vision, observed that the joy of giving was to them greater than the joy of receiving. But how unconscious

they were of this growth into better living!

The Christmas gifts were the source of abundant lessons for the entire forenoon, and around them were woven stories of how this one or that one had enjoyed the Christmas vacation. It was a sort of experience meeting, and together they lived through the experiences of the respective members of the little flock, and by this communion they gathered power to enter upon the remaining weeks of the term.

During the weeks following Christmas the heavens were full of glory, as one of the boys put it when he noticed the elements in their fury. The driving clouds, the howling wind, the snow-covered earth all contributed matchless material for observation and for discussion, and when the children came in after the New Year holiday Miss Kingwood centered her work around the topics snow, ice, frost, stars, winter clothing, winter food for man and animal, and habits of animals. In short, their work was science of the real sort, supported by literature and song in harmony with the environment.

It was a glorious month. Miss Kingwood told the story of the Star of Bethlehem and the Wise Men from the East, because she said this great theme not only gave vital life

and interest to the work, but it naturally prompted the children to ask about the stars in the firmament, and she was thus given opportunity to teach certain facts about the solar system, the stars, the seasons. In pursuing this line of work, she discovered that the observations of the children were wonderful and that with their mythological tales they had really acquired a great deal of scientific knowledge. She noted also the great joy that came to them from observation, and she again wrote down in her "observations," "Hitch on to the child's experience if you would lead him with pleasure into unknown fields," and it was into the unknown fields of knowledge and life that she felt they must ever go. Sympathy with all that is true, and sympathy with all life, was her sheet anchor, and so, as they looked at the stars at night, they resolved to come to school next day with questions and opinions about them.

One little girl, in her eagerness to express her conclusions said, "Oh, Miss Kingwood, the stars are little suns." This was a welcome proposition to Miss Kingwood. She wanted them to express conclusions in an unconscious manner, possibly I should say without being self-conscious, or with the fear

that they might make a mistake. She wanted the freedom born of conviction, of knowledge, and again she made an "observation," that if the pupils in the higher grades could be kept free in their expression, what a school one might have with young men and young women who would do the right thing, both in thought and action, unconsciously. This unconscious expression is originality in its truest sense, whether it be giving out knowledge gained from the experience of another or from our own experience. In such expression truth comes at fever heat from the life that utters it, because it has become a part of that life. This manner of teaching, said she, would make a difference in our public schools, yes, and a difference in the men and women of the next generation.

With a definite purpose she took up the "points" on the stars and wanted to know what they indicated, what they are for. John Wallace said, "They give us light," another said, "They show us the way to go." Among a multitude of answers these two were taken as a basis of further work. "Light and guidance" was the lesson she meant to teach, and poem, song, and story were brought in to make the conclusions definite, relative to

certain simple facts in astronomy and navigation. They talked of the "Dipper," or "Great Bear," the "Little Bear," the "Milky Way," and many other of the constellations that parents and interested friends told them about and pointed out to them, and soon the whole school could point out many of the principal ones. Then they wanted to play the Bear story and as one of the boys said, "We put it on again, and this time it was played better than ever"—wider experience enriches life.

The children's will was here given full rein. They had grown. So Miss Kingwood began to lead them into constructive work and they drew stars on their slates and tablets, cut stars—five pointed stars—and this was great pleasure because to them it seemed a difficult thing to do. They told her it was too hard to do, but she told them that difficult things honestly met and mastered were a means to success.

Almost every child knew some of the poem "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," by Jane Taylor. Miss Kingwood read it to them, and they all memorized it. It was an enlarging process, the learning of this poem; it brought them into the mysteries of the universe by inquiry—the threshold of knowledge.

One little girl said, "We have stars on the flag," and when asked why, she replied, "Because we love them," and another said, "Because they seem to tell us to look up," and Miss Kingwood again observed, "What a wonderful thing is the child mind, surely 'a little child shall lead them'."

Jack Frost was now supreme, and one morning the children came in with fingers and toes stinging with cold. This introduced Jack Frost as a lesson subject. They talked of all the things Jack Frost can do—build roofs for rivers and ponds; build bridges across rivers, as every one wanted to tell, for the high water had taken the bridge across the creek and the children could not cross the stream till the ice came. Now they could cross, and what glee this was.

Then ice cutting and packing came up for a lesson. Some one said, "Jack Frost makes ice for us so it will be pleasant for us in summer as well as in winter," and after they had told of his varied abilities Miss Kingwood observed that he seemed to be a "Jack of all trades," which pleasantry pleased the children very much. But what seemed to be of the greatest interest were the pictures on the windows. One had seen trees, another a fence falling down, a fairy, a crooked steeple,

high bridges, and all sorts of wonderful things.

That night when Mary and James Sellers went home they asked their mother if they might watch Jack Frost work. They went to the kitchen, where there was a big fire in the kitchen-stove, and on it the tea-kettle boiling. When their mother found them there and asked them what they were doing, they replied, "Helping Jack Frost." Their mother, interested, of course, in their doings, said, "how did you do that?" and looked at the windows where the magician had touched the glass with the finger of his art. James answered quickly, "We made the fire that boiled the water that made the steam that old Jack worked with." So mother and children watched him work, and as they watched she softly told them stories of the wonders of nature and the wisdom of God, and the next day Miss Kingwood and the school listened with increased interest to the relation of this and other experiences of other children in other homes. And as the gentle voices told what mother had said, tears of gladness came into her eyes, for she knew that after all the mother is the great teacher.

One evening late in the month Miss Kingwood sat at her desk thinking of something

new to interest the children, when her eyes rested on the calendar. "Why not have a weather calendar?" came to mind. It would teach them the seasons as well as the months and the days of the month, so next day she had them go to work. She began with January and had them mark special days with red crayon. Many of them marked their own birthday as a special day. This she recognized as a good thing to use to teach time. She had them observe the clouds, the direction of the wind, the snow, and rain.

If the day was fair she allowed some child to mark on the chart a yellow circle, a darker one if the day was stormy, another mark indicated rain, another snow, and so on. Thus they were doing science work unconsciously, classifying, the important thing we will all admit, classifying because of investigation. She found that every child in school was anxious for the privilege of marking the calendar. "This," said Miss Kingwood, "seems a trifling matter, but I feel sure of results in training the children to accurate observation, and then they get so much information that will be of use in the future, when they come to take up the formal study of geography and natural science."

The story of Hiawatha proved to be an excellent language lesson for this month. How they loved the little Hiawatha, and the grandmother Nokomis, and they were overjoyed, after studying the stars, to have "stars and northern lights" in the story. They became fascinated with Hiawatha's friends, but when it came to hunting and killing the deer, they were spell-bound. Miss Kingwood took occasion to show that while the Indian had a need to kill game animals we have a different way of gaining a living, and her lesson on kindness to animals made a deep impression on the children. They sang "The Owlet Song," and their voices rang out clear and strong in both this and the "Cradle Song."

Miss Kingwood was not a good artist in drawing, but she made pictures illustrating the story, and the children were ever ready to tell the story from the pictures and to draw them, often in a very original and suggestive manner. In this lesson she realized how much is to be done in a short time, and this required new and more economic plans of work, so that as the days went by her work assumed a more formal and conventional appearance, but never for a moment did she permit the form to kill, for she knew full well

that it is the spirit that maketh alive; she expressed it "It maketh a live school."

It was a busy month, but the work became more unified, and Miss Kingwood felt that her efforts were bringing results. She did not feel that she had made it a success, but there seemed to be a nearness between the pupils and herself that meant much in stimulating the growth of these lives under her direction, and in directing that growth towards a worthy ideal.

VI.

The Birthday Month.

THE days were quickly passing. Half of the school term was over, and what lessons had been learned! More and more each day was the thought impressed on Miss Kingwood, "We become like the thing we admire" She knew that this was only another way of saying that our ideals are the motive which impels us forward, and she could see that in every act the children held her as an authority on every subject, and that she was the model by which ideals were formed by them.

A mother told her that some little girls were playing school one day. A dispute arose and the fond mother was called to decide the question. There was a slight difference between the mother's decision and Miss Kingwood's way, and the ever ready defense was made, "No, Miss Kingwood doesn't do it that way." Realizing the situation, Miss

Kingwood felt the responsibility, and a higher resolve entered into her mind relative to future work.

In thinking over the work for February she decided that the organizing principle of the month's work should be "love." She began with that which comes closest to the little child—the mother love and the home love, gradually through the talks of the month to the love for heroes, working up to love of country, and not stopping short of that greatest of all—the Divine love.

February, the shortest month of the year, has many attractions for the children, yet Miss Kingwood did not overload "the course" this month, but carefully and deliberately instilled into their little hearts the spirit of patriotism. It seemed easy to do this, for the spirit of thankfulness and of giving during the previous months paved the way for this phase of the work to be emphasized.

She told them stories of Lincoln and Washington, and when their literary work was to be given, a special program relating to these two great men was prepared. Experience in past years had taught Miss Kingwood the dangers of "the patriotic month." Boys so love to hear of wars, and listen so eagerly for

martial drum-beats that before we think of it war and fighting are associated in their hearts with the Washington stories. It is very easy for a boy to imagine that great things must be done in order to make a heroic life. Here then was the opportunity to show the existence of quiet, self-sacrificing heroism. In fact every day offered an opportunity to show the children this phase of life as practiced among the poor and lowly, of which heroism the world never learns.

As Miss Kingwood had often said, it is not necessary to teach certain lessons at stated times, but it seems fitting to teach special subjects at certain times. Not that the children should be encouraged to be more patriotic in February than in any other month, but as long as America keeps green the memory of George Washington by a National observance of his birthday, so long will February be honored with the best impression of love for country.

"But what can a primary teacher do in four short weeks?" thought Miss Kingwood. In answer she said, "We will do what we can and leave the rest for the children to learn as they go on in the life way." There are so many things that suggest themselves in these early hours of school life that can only be

given a passing word, but the word given without bias is the seed of future growth, and looking into the future with a beautiful faith in the teachers that should come after her, Miss Kingwood carefully planted the seeds of good citizenship at every advantageous point throughout the month, so that in the succeeding weeks of the term she might refer to them as mile posts along the citizen way.

In visiting the other grades Miss Kingwood noticed at one time that they were writing about James Russell Lowell and at another time about Longfellow, and when occasion offered she talked about these great poets and taught short quotations from their poems. But as the morning talks contained the essence of all the lessons for the day the list of subjects was long and varied.

At the beginning of the month, keeping in view the growth in natural science, they talked of the length of the days, the temperature, the birds that were back from a brief visit to warmer climates, the holidays and short reviews of their lessons about the heavenly bodies. But the history theme was the one Miss Kingwood had uppermost in her mind for this month and all else must center in history.

Lincoln's birthday coming the first of the

natal days of the great characters to be studied, Miss Kingwood told the story of his life in such a delightful, simple way that the children not only admired but loved him. She told many short stories of his life and work.

Incidentally the growth of cotton came into the discussion. One child said, "I have a cotton ball, may I bring it?" Of course she could bring it. That was just what was wanted. The lesson with it need not be recited here. The children had pictures of cotton fields. They saw the little black children with their fathers and mothers picking cotton, filling their baskets, and carrying them on on their heads to barns or sheds where it lay until it was thoroughly dry so that it could be sent to the great mills to be made into cloths of various kinds to clothe the people of the world.

In response to the question, "Who can name something made from cotton?" all wanted to speak at once. This eagerness was controlled by a gentle word, and a long list of articles was named and written down, a short step in a systematic study of the mechanical arts, for before the lesson was done, they talked of cotton gins, spinning machines, looms, print works, wholesale

stores, retail stores, dress patterns, thread, needles, sewing machines, and all the attendant materials and instruments and machines that enter into the making of a garment. They were getting into touch with another of the great institutions unconsciously, and in future years much of the force that men and women, grown out of this school, would throw into their business relations, would date from these beginnings.

In connection with the study of the men of this month many lessons in politeness and kindness were garnered up, and the very helpful memory gem, "Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way," was very potent in the control of the class.

The volume of subject matter that presented itself grew so large that Miss Kingwood felt that she could easily have utilized another month; for their work relating to Lincoln, Lowell, Washington, and Longfellow was so far-reaching that it supplied material for language lessons in every phase, for history, science, geography, sociology, and every other phase of her work as she saw it in relation to the coming school years of the children before her.

Valentine Day was not overlooked. Miss Kingwood saw its use and noted what a

source of pleasure it was to the children. She put it above the vulgar plane. She told the children about the good Saint and how, when he was old he sent loving messages to those who were sick and needed something to cheer them up. They made valentines for father and mother, and had a valentine box in which were mailed valentines to teacher and pupils. Miss Kingwood very thoughtfully dropped in one for each pupil, so no one would be slighted, and when the box was opened several pupils were appointed mail carriers to deliver the valentines. Here again was the lesson of giving, for those who had sent many were happier than those who had received many.

Then came the study of Washington the boy, always polite, courteous, and thoughtful for the comfort of those about him. She told them how he gave up his desire to be a sailor for his mother's sake, told of his life as soldier and president, and the many stories of his eventful career, which is of living interest to old and young. On his birthday, Miss Kingwood had planned a surprise for the children. She had taken red, white, and blue paper and let them fold "General's Hats," and when they marched out that evening each one was allowed to

wear this hat. What a delighted company of fifty! They marched like soldiers down the walk, and as Miss Kingwood watched them, her heart throbbed in response to her great love for every one, and she thought what school would be without any one of them.

The song they seemed to like best during this month was "America." Every day some one asked, "May we sing 'America'?" And when they sang it, the very air seemed filled with patriotism. They learned also "The Children's Hour," and as they repeated the sweet lines they lived through the experiences of the poem with exhilarating joy.

Thus far the month's work had been a continuous pleasure, but the echo from that evening march was soon to come into their lives in painful reality. Its shadow fell over the threshold one day when little James did not come to school. James had not missed a day since school opened in September. On inquiry no one knew why he was not in school.

Miss Kingwood was concerned about him, but as the weather was bad and a number of children were missing, she supposed he was only out for a day or two because of the snow.

She was not prepared when on the third morning one little schoolmate came softly to her desk and told her with choking utterance that James had gone to the better land. The information soon went round and many an aching heart came to the teacher for comfort in the loss of a friend, for here indeed was a community of life and interest, the sweetest that it had ever been my lot to look upon.

Over and over during the day the little ones came to her and said, "Oh, Miss Kingwood, James is dead." During the day one little girl sobbed as if her heart would break, and in response to Miss Kingwood's consoling words, she said, "Oh, Miss Kingwood, I feel so sad that James is dead."

Teacher and pupil alike loved the little brother gone, and as the teacher looked at the vacant seat the tears that she had held in check burst forth, and, in her own words, "they all had just a good cry."

But the duty of the day called them to face the trial, and it was most appropriate that their memory gem learned in the early part of the term, should be brought up now, and "Little children, love one another" never sounded so sweet as it did that sad February morning. In the hour of deepest gloom there is always a day star, and one lovely

child raised her hand and when permitted to speak, said, "Please, Miss Kingwood, let us sing 'Precious Jewels.'" The manner in which they sang showed that they felt that one jewel had been added to the Master's crown.

At noon one careless boy who had often annoyed the teacher, came to her and said, "Here, Miss Kingwood, is five cents. Papa and mamma are away, but I got this out of my bank. Please get some flowers for James." The fountains of life had been touched and the boy's spirit had been in a measure freed to start on a perilous journey, eagerly looking for another Miss Kingwood in the other grades as it went along. Would he find her? This was my question.

The sorrow for the loss of the one lamb from the flock was great and was shared by all, but Miss Kingwood came to her work with renewed purpose, so to live that she might look back upon her association with these little ones without regret. This resolution was to her the bread of life. I would that every teacher might feed thereon.

VII.

Blustery March.

THE death of little James cast a gloom over the entire school. Many times a day something was said which made teacher and pupil alike think of the little one who had gone from them. Miss Kingwood tried with renewed efforts and greater zeal to interest the pupils along new lines and with new stories—not that they might forget James—no, for he had exerted an influence over each little life, and Miss Kingwood's life as well, that could never be taken away. It was an influence of nobility that abided like a sweet incense as the days went by. She felt the uplift of sweet sorrow and knew its value in shaping life to noble outline, but she felt also that there should be no morbid sorrow allowed to leave its trace in the young lives. She wanted as little of sadness for the child life as it was possible to have, for she knew that in the future trials must come, and in

the unrevealed years there would be many periods of passing through the Valley. Her purpose was to temper the soul to power, power to stand in the hour of need. To this end stories of trial and ultimate triumph, poems of need and felt need satisfied, and songs of triumph over loss and sorrow made up a goodly portion of the new lessons these days. The meaning of the quotation "gold tried in the fire," was by story and kindly word worked into the moral fiber of this little band of workers.

Februrary had been a busy month, and now that March was here with its blustery days many new lessons were suggested.

One morning after the last bell had rung, some one asked, "Miss Kingwood, may we sing 'Father, We Thank Thee?' " She met the note of prayer in the child's voice with the keynote of the song. And what a prayer it was as they sang it! It seemed to reach up to Him who cares for these little ones.

Father, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world more fair.
Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do, at work or play,
To grow more loving every day.—Amen.

The most natural way of opening the work of the day seems to be with music, and as they sang this morning they seemed to dwell in a spirit realm, in a realm that put away thoughts of play, or work—indeed every child seemed to be holding the Infinite Hand. It was a moment of worship, a sacred time.

As I have said before, Miss Kingwood was a wise teacher,—wise in many respects, especially in her aptness to follow the way suggested by the children when eager to enter new fields. So whenever she observed the state of mind that was so apparent this morning she quietly led them into the rich realms of literature. This was the hour for that work anyway, she thought, before the mind became weary or disturbed by the experiences of the day. Sometimes she gave them only a line, “a literary gem,” or “memory gem,” as so many say.

This morning she felt that the occasion was at hand to enter into a study of wider range and deeper meaning, and reminded them of a good man who loved children, whose birthday they had celebrated a short time before. The man was Longfellow, the children's friend. She related a number of attractive anecdotes about the good poet, and

in simple phrase told them how he clothed in rhyme the deepest meanings of human life, illustrating her statement by reading a line here and there from his poems in such a way that the little hearts responded to the call to live with Longfellow in his realm of higher and better life.

And then with deep meaning shining from her eyes she read to them "The Rainy Day." She stood with the poet on the spirit side of this natural presentation of an overmastering spiritual truth, universal in the human race, and as her life flowed through her words into the soul life of the children, she got the answer, in *sympathy*, if not in full interpretation, and in that hour she felt the thrill of joy that comes from life uplifting other life.

She said to me that we do not give children enough of a chance with these great poems of universal content. We persist in giving them something easy and childlike, forgetting that childlike means Christlike. "And" said she, "we select matter for them that has no broadening and deepening force for them, when we might be giving them the very bread of life as it is given to us in the world's best books."

She believed that the best literature read to the child becomes in a measure far greater

than we think, a part of their lives, and cited the literature quoted by many of the world's greatest characters to show the abiding and life strengthening words which came into their lives in earliest childhood.

After Miss Kingwood had read the poem one little boy volunteered to say, "Why, Miss Kingwood, he thought his life was like the weather in the fall. He ought not to mind the bad, there is always some good." Not a very elegant way of putting it to be sure, but somehow this seven-year-old boy had caught the spirit of the writer, and think of it, these little children in the first year grade asked if they might memorize this poem. Some time afterwards a thoughtful little girl suggested that if the sun shone all the time and we had no cloudy and rainy days we could not know the worth of sunshine. Teachers who have had experience of dark and dreary days will realize the force of the child's observation.

The warm spring days were near at hand; they meant much to this primary school. The children sowed seeds. Some brought glasses, filled them with water, and with their own little hands placed a layer of cotton on the water and put the seeds there.

The child revels in the sense of ownership

—so let him have it whenever possible. Because they sow the seeds themselves they watch the development and growth of seeds with greater interest.

In planning her work, Miss Kingwood attached full value to the fact that these children had not known many springs, and that as children they would not know many more. With this truth in mind she strove to enrich every hour of this springtime for every child under her care. The world does not hold in her storehouse of experience many periods so full of pure and sweet pleasure for the child as the springtime, and Miss Kingwood felt that not one moment should be marred by any hard and fast rule of conduct concerning their observations and conversations about spring and what it was giving them.

Several of the children placed their glasses on their desks, and waited, showing plainly by their manner that their expectations concerning the outcome of their experiments were not very definite. Day by day they watched. They noted the seeds swelling and were overjoyed when the covering burst open to let the leaflets out to climb upward in the light, and the rootlets to creep downward in the water below the cotton. Every

little investigator showed in his face the joy of revelation.

At this stage of the work Tom Baker let it be known that he was still in the ranks by asking, "Miss Kingwood, why is it that the roots go down into the water and the leaves and stem come up into the air?" And in such a gentle and unassuming way this teacher talked to Tom Baker, and through him to the class, of the Wisdom that enables the roots of the plants to seek for the needed elements in the soil, while the stem and leaf seek other elements in the atmosphere, and bless Tom Baker, he didn't know, but at recess that day he was heard to say to his chum, "Say, Bob, isn't it funny that a chestnut tree will pull chestnuts out of the same dirt from which an oak tree pulls acorns?" Miss Kingwood heard the words and her heart throbbed in unison with this seeker after the wonderful facts of nature.

Among the children the plants were indeed helpful and inspiring. They observed that the sprouts of those in the dark were white while those in the sun were green, and this time Bob wanted to know why. The questions were fruitful of helpful suggestions in the answering of them and the children were happy, triumphant in their work.

Some time after this the teacher asked them to bring twigs. They brought the pussy-willow, maple, horse chestnut, lilac, apple twigs, and others. They had a twig party, and each child introduced his guest. The pussy-willows always bring their welcome with them, and the teacher who does not want to lay the bunch of pussy-willows caressingly against her cheek has lost something from her nature that was her best inheritance, and that the children will sadly miss without knowing what it is, but which leaves them with a sense of loneliness and deep loss down in the heart that nothing can supply.

Miss Kingwood believed that if you had a troublesome boy who never thought of you as anything but a teacher, you should let him occasionally see the loving human side of you. "Why not," she said, "be a child again, a child among the children and be true enough to enjoy this spring with the children in their way—the natural way?"

When the life in the twigs that had been brought in had been encouraged to "push out the tips," and the apple and the lilacs really had little flower buds the delight of the children knew no bounds and that little surprised "oh" of delight brought more real

joy indications than all the wealth of summer in its time could bring.

Miss Kingwood had asked the children to watch for the first bird to come back, and for the first flower. Children are apt to see the bluebirds and the robins long before the teacher does, and one day Johnny, not over-bright ordinarily, came running in breathlessly with "Oh, Miss Kingwood, I saw a robin!" That report aroused the school and many lessons were learned about how the birds return, how they get their food, how they build their nests, and this discussion supplied material for conversational language lessons for many days as well as for geography, science, and number work.

Many times the children would ask for stories, and perhaps would designate some particular one which was a favorite. But Miss Kingwood had a new one this week, and as she read Ruskin's "The King of the Golden River," the children saw that Hans and Schwartz were men of stone because they did not serve those with whom they came in contact. They were all in sympathy with Gluck when he was ill-treated by his brothers, and were delighted when they found that Gluck, who gave water to those that needed it, made himself a helper and

friend and by doing for others gained true happiness for himself.

Miss Kingwood's success, or at least part of it, depended on these stories—she taught after the manner of the great Teacher, though cycles of years have passed by since He taught upon earth. Miss Kingwood studied His life as the God-man who taught *daily* through His stories, not in dusty, crowded school-rooms, but by the roadside, on the mountainside, or on the brow of a hill, at the seashore, or from the deck of the ship,—anywhere, out in Nature's broad arena.

In meditation and prayer this teacher had so much contemplated the life and work of the Man of Galilee as a teacher of men, that she felt that His every act while upon earth was a teaching act, and so she believed that every act of hers, whether by look, movement, or spoken word was a teaching act, and in striving to be like Him in her work she implicitly believed that for her was given the promise "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my little ones, ye have done it to me."

VIII.

The Rain Month.

RAIN! Rain! Rain! It seemed as if it were never going to stop, but the pupils in Miss Kingwood's school did not care—not they—whether the day gave sunshine or shower. That school-room always seemed bright. It not only *seemed* bright, it *was* bright, for the beauty of a devoted life shone in that school through rain or shine.

If the day were dark and rainy, then Miss Kingwood would have the children sing their brightest songs, and by planning new games, and telling some story sweeter than any she had yet used, she drove away the shadows. The day of which I write was rainy, dark, dreary, but all through the long wet, weary day, Miss Kingwood encouraged the children by a more gentle touch, a kinder word, a more helpful look. This day she drew heavily on her reserve power, and words of praise fell here and there even while she

knew that there were many more errors made this day than was customary with the little ones. She did not flatter, she did not use extravagant language, but with the most praiseworthy care she examined every effort and saw only the good, and with the masterful touch of a leader every good thing done this day by every child was brought into full view. Her power to do this in the day of trial marked her as an extraordinary teacher. A rainy day in her school always made the right thing popular.

Miss Kingwood once told me of a child in another school who was working at home at a task. The child's brain was weary and looking into her mother's face at eleven o'clock at night, she said, "Mamma, do you suppose the teacher will say it is good?" "Doesn't she ever tell you if your work is well done?" asked the mother. The child with a sigh replied, "Not very often." Miss Kingwood said, "Oh, what a lesson for a teacher lies in that weary little one's question!"

Under the impulse of that sigh, she scanned the whole horizon of her field of effort, and ever after that she tried not to withhold the word "fitly spoken." Her heart was overflowing with love and sympathy for these

intrusted to her care. Every true teacher should be like her in this respect, thought I. Truly the Great Teacher was her model.

"I wonder," said Miss Kingwood one morning, "how many know the name of this month." She got a ready answer. "And how many know the season of the year?" she asked. They had learned about the springtime in the weeks past, but the awakening of nature in this month had new charms for all. In March, they thought of frost and mud, but April had brought shower and sunshine and the rainbow. One evening after a refreshing shower, just before time to close school, some one noticed a beautiful rainbow and they all at the suggestion of the teacher went to the window to see it. Then she told them the story of the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, and read them the little poem, "Where the Rainbow Ends."

I.

Keep on, my chillun,
E'n wid glory you'll be friends—
De gold's over yander
Whar de rainbow ends.

II.

Keep on, my chillun,
In the black, black night;
Tie up yo' troubles
Wid a rainbow bright.

III.

Keep on, my chillun,
Wid amazin' grace;
De gold's in the rainbow
Ef you'll only run the race.

—*Atlanta Constitution*

This talk on the rainbow was one of the best I ever knew Miss Kingwood to give. She led the children into the mysteries of light and color with as much grace and tenderness as she had brought them to learn of the flowers, birds, and animals, and her story of the meaning of finding the gold at the end of the rainbow was so simple and so absorbing in interest that I felt myself grow under the magic of its meaning. She told how an over-ruling Providence permitted us to form convictions and to be led forward by them, and that many times we failed to do the things we set out to do; when we met such failures we were apt to think our efforts wasted, but said she, "the very fact that we feel dissatisfied is the best proof that we are growing better, that is the meaning of the story of going to the end of the rainbow. If we are faithful we never reach where it seems to be. The promise of more, and more, and better life is but the rainbow showing us the way."

How the eyes of the children danced when

they talked of the rainbow. It called up their story of Hiawatha, in which Nokomis told the little Hiawatha that flowers of many colors fade on earth; they do not perish but blossom in the rainbow, the heaven of flowers. This lesson brought to mind other stories about blossoms, and in the evening they looked up to see the blossoms of heaven, the stars. The next day they wanted to talk about the stars, and after that for some time they kept account of the starlit and moonlit nights, and sadly spoke of the nights when the heavy veil of clouds shut off from sight these orbs of heaven. But not long after, at the morning hour when they were to report about the starlight and the moonlight, they came with a different story. The preceding night had given them the first thunder storm of the season. The little ones told of that. Some with terror depicted on their faces, told of the "awful black clouds with such fierce shapes," and of the "terrible lightning" and the "loud thunder," and if you could have witnessed the teacher's face at this time you would have been able to read volumes there. When the children had given their version of the storm, she told them that she would read them a poem, and then, I think because she was a student and

admirer of David P. Page, she read them

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Then she talked to them in her simple, childlike way of the forces of nature and specially of the wind and electricity. It was not what the expert might call a scholarly talk, but at the bottom I could see a profound knowledge of scientific principles, and I said to myself, "It does pay to be well-informed if you would teach the beginner."

After the storm had been discussed they talked of other things that had been observed that morning. The pavement that morning seemed to be covered with earth worms, and some of the children wanted to know if they had come down in the rain. This question was followed by others and before they left this subject they had learned the earth worms' manner of living, their habits, and the uses to which they are put by men.

After a most interesting hour in this science work, or "nature study," Miss Kingwood had a story that was in direct relation to the state of mind in which she had brought the class, and she read them the story of "Carl and the Earth Worms."* From that story

*Sarah Wiltse Kindergarten Stories.

they received a revelation about these creatures and were very much impressed with the facts given in that interesting narrative.

The children of this school grew with the awakening of nature. The blossoming of the trees was an ever-changing panorama of delight. The green foliage, the tinted petals, the fragrance of the blossoms were a series of signals to their alert senses, and under the inspiration of the eyes filled with wonder and with joy, Miss Kingwood read or quoted the best of literature relative to this holiest time of the year and with a sweetness that never seemed to wane she told the little ones that unless we live up to the fullness of spring's message and see in the upspringing flowers, the blooming of the trees, the singing of the birds, the leaping water in the brooks, and in the storm clouds, the meaning of God's message to the world we do not live as well as we ought to live. She told them that as the years go by and spring after spring bursts on our lives we should get this revelation from the All Wise Father clearer and clearer with each succeeding year, and with one consent the children said, "Miss Kingwood, we will try to find the good in everything." And the teacher said, "Let us be good."

This lesson showed the philosophy of Miss Kingwood's teaching. She believed that no heart that has been cold, selfish, and unhelpful to others or that has been completely absorbed in material things after the fading of the leaves in the fall is ready to catch the meaning of the tender budding of the new leaf time. To be in touch with spring is to be in touch with the best things life holds. True to this philosophy, she so directed her work that in every lesson teacher and pupil together read the message of love and of more life and lived up to it. This is what they learned one morning during the month:

Good morning, sweet April—
So winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip,
And a tear in your eye.

There are pretty hepaticas
Hid in your hair,
And bonny blue violets
Clustering there.

Miss Kingwood had asked them to watch for the first wild flowers and this little poem led them to think that perhaps some were hidden, and indeed, it was not long till these flowers were brought to the school-room.

Along about this time when the work of the school seemed to her to be going on

nicely, Miss Kingwood noticed that the people, parents and others, were talking about the school and that they spoke of the difference between this term and former years. They told her that they had noticed that the work of one month fitted nicely into the work of the preceding month, and this made the teacher's heart glad. She had struggled for continuity and relation in her work, and while she had never uttered such a thing, now she felt she was getting a portion of her reward in that the work she planned had been recognized to be as she had tried to make it. She felt more than ever satisfied that the lessons learned each day were for all time and for eternity.

The lessons of February's great men were not forgotten in March or April, but the influence of the lives of Lincoln, Washington, and Lowell was an abiding presence every day, and she firmly believed it would endure and grow in power. It was a very common occurrence for a pupil to say something about these great characters, and what was said usually brought about spirited discussions relative to the motives of these men, and after every such discussion it was evident that all were more firmly convinced that the

great motive of each of these great citizens was service—to do good for others.

Miss Kingwood's ability to tell a story was a source of wonderful power to her. Stories about kindness to animals, good habits, truthfulness, bravery, and devotion to duty, were told in such a convincing way that without saying so in words she brought the children to see that to do good and noble deeds, not to win praise, but simply to be good and noble is the mark of true greatness and that it is the worthy purpose that marks the man, and is after all the important thing in life.

The warm showers had taken away all the snow and ice and had filled the streams. One morning when the creek nearby the school-house was running full of water, great, big, awkward Tom Carey, who had seemed to be in a sort of stupor all winter came rushing into the house and up to Miss Kingwood's desk. Her heart leaped with joy at the sight of his face. It was illumined with an inspiration which she had never seen before, and in her joy she held out her hand to Tom. He was no longer awkward. Unconsciously he took her hand with the grace of a lover, and as he stood looking into her face he said, "Miss Kingwood, they are building a big

bridge right across the creek. They are going to build a railroad across it and run cars over it." "What will they do that for, Tom?" asked the teacher, and then, with the light fading in his eyes, he said, "They say to haul wheat from Chicago to New York." And then, remembering how hard it had been for Tom to get any meaning out of their geography stories, Miss Kingwood asked one of the other boys to go and bring the United States map. When it had been hung on the wall, Miss Kingwood, with infinite patience, showed Tom the location of New York and Chicago, and then told him to think out over the earth from this bridge till he could reach New York, going over hills, across bridges, and through tunnels, and as Tom closed his eyes and thought, Miss Kingwood stood in silence till he opened his eyes and the light that shone there when he first came to her desk had come back. From that hour Tom Carey was a new creature, in touch with the world's great struggle for existence.

When the bell rang and the opening exercises had been completed, Miss Kingwood said, "Tom Carey tells me we are to have a new railroad and since we are thinking about railroads I want to read you a poem by John

G. Saxe called "Riding on the Rail," and then she read from memory, thanks to her teacher while in a country school, the whole of the poem beginning

Singing through the forests
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail.

This aroused unbounded enthusiasm and Tom was all eagerness for each new development. Miss Kingwood wanted to tell about hauling freight, but she seemed to think that to talk of numbers so large as were involved in hauling wheat would be lost time so she began with speaking of a quart measure of wheat. She had a measure at hand. She talked of a peck, and of a bushel, and then led them to think of 600 bushels in a car, then she told them how many cars it would take to haul one year's crop of wheat by saying that if it were all loaded on cars at one time the cars would reach clear across the continent two times. She did not expect them to understand this, but she wanted to impress their minds with the immensity of the matter of growing wheat, and Tom Carey

seemed to get an idea. The lesson was really for Tom, and then as soon as she could do so wisely she passed to other subjects related to the raising and hauling of wheat and an excellent lesson on the making of bread and feeding the poor was the result.

Easter came the latter part of the month. The Easter lesson was not omitted. Each child wanted to tell of Easter eggs, and after they had had their hour Miss Kingwood explained how it seems natural to talk about eggs at Easter because of the new life soon to be awakened. In the opening exercises they learned many gems of literature appropriate to the time. "Consider the lilies how they grow! They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." It also seemed appropriate that they read the message of the Easter lily, "Be pure, be white, be clean." The Easter lesson yielded a rich return in historic interest in the Man of Galilee.

The month was drawing to a close, and while Miss Kingwood often grew weary from the duties of the day and burdened in spirit with the responsibilities of the future, anxious also with regard to the past, yet she always came to each day's service with the

fullness of preparation. Every day added to the meaning registered in her life of her service with these little ones. Here were fifty animated beings, souls whose destiny would largely be shaped by her service. She felt that every look, word, act, counted for life-making, and she felt that no one could tell the joys and sorrows, the triumphs or the failures, the comforts or the privations that the future had in store for these her little ones.

Her constant desire was to make school life for them as pleasant as possible so that it might be said of her, "She hath done what she could," and if this desire were to be fulfilled she knew that she must bring to these little ones the full measure of service, and that she must come to that service with clean hands and a pure heart.

IX.

The Month of Blossoms.

THE closing day of April made Miss Kingwood think of work for the new month upon which they were about to enter, and these questions arose: "How shall I give a fresh side to my work to-day? In what new way can I present truth?" These questions and myriads of others came thick and fast to her daily. She aimed to be a true teacher, and her ideal of a true teacher was that she should day by day so adjust the environment of her pupils that each one might for himself or for herself set free that of the Divine life which was struggling for utterance in the human life.

Each morning as she opened school, with simple devotional exercises, each little one seemed to realize the perfect freedom accorded to all to ask what they wanted to do or to have done. And the school life with these children had so grown into unselfish-

ness that rarely did one pupil make a request that was not heartily joined in by the others. It seemed to me to be merely a question of which one "got the floor," and it encouraged the on-looker mightily to see the delicate tact with which Miss Kingwood regarded the rights and privileges of every member of this "congress of growing life." As I have said before, there were no favored ones except those favored by the consent of the whole.

This particular April morning of which I am thinking was one over the skies of which Mother Nature had hung a heavy curtain of clouds, and it seemed most appropriate that six-year-old quiet, lovable Martha Simpson should ask that they be allowed to sing, "Let a Little Sunshine In." Miss Kingwood's eyes beamed the ready answer, and how they sang that song under the canopy of the shadow of April clouds! The chorus drove away the clouds from within, and the sunshine truly shone out of fifty pairs of joyous eyes in a way Miss Kingwood said she had never seen before, and then she mused, "perhaps it is because I have let more sunshine in." Anyway, that song was a noble anthem of both prayer and praise. Under its beneficent influence personalities and self

were forgotten. There was no fear of teacher, no concern about making mistakes, no nervousness because of expecting criticism. They were free, and I thought, "in this hour these children have had their affections quickened, and within them love of pure thought has been wonderfully strengthened and intensified."

Ever when she came to the close of a busy day, Miss Kingwood more fully realized that it was not methods nor devices, but the spirit of the school and the personality of the teacher that make for the more abundant life—the end for which she was constantly striving. And it was because of this daily self-examination in connection with her estimate of each individual child that had caused her to be spoken of as *not* like other teachers.

Some time in March a new girl had come into the school. She was the daughter of a poor mechanic, plain of feature, with lovely black hair and entrancing eyes, but above all and over all she had a sweet soprano voice. She had lived in Baltimore, but had not been in school many months. She was a modest little tot, never doing anything for praise, but always wanting to do something for others. Her voice was gentle and to hear

it in song would make one as glad for the shadow as for the sunshine. It was wonderful the effect her voice had upon the other children, and her sweet manner of speaking had much to do with making the voices of the other children pleasant and gentle. She learned the school songs quickly, and sang them with such grace that the school involuntarily and unconsciously, I think, recognized her as leader. The children would wait for Marjory Harper to start the songs, and she came into leadership, not only in song, but in their games, not because of fine clothes, for she wore no rich garments, not because of the social standing of her parents, for they were not society folk, but because of her own worth. Miss Kingwood had read to them that beautiful poem, "For I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the May," and as May was approaching the children united in the request that they have a May-day party, and have a queen, too.

Every one was exultant in the thought of the happy May-day, and when the time came to find a queen, Marjory Harper was elected by the unanimous demand of the children that she take the place of honor. Just when this momentous matter had been decided,

the teacher of music came in and asked Miss Kingwood if she might take Marjory with her to another room while she taught a special class in music, saying that she had some exercises that she was very anxious to have Marjory hear. While Marjory was gone, Miss Kingwood asked why they all wanted Marjory to be their May queen. One said, "Because she is always so happy, it just suits her to be queen." Another said, "Because we all love her, Miss Kingwood." Another, "Because she loves to do all she can for us, so she ought to be our queen." And Tom Baker, growing Tom, said, "Because she helps you, Miss Kingwood, in starting songs, and when we learn new songs, she helps us learn them." Wonderful, wonderful, what influence one exerts on another, even in a First Primary school.

Miss Kingwood had noticed that Marjory was always dressed plainly, though she was always neat and clean, but her dress hardly seemed appropriate for Queen of the May. Miss Kingwood had often wished that she might help her to better clothes for certain occasions. However, observant of the child's high spirit, she had not ventured upon this delicate service, but now it only needed a suggestion relative to costumes secured for

such times as May-day, and the present condition was provided for. One little girl said, "Marjory may have my pearl beads," and each brought some article of wearing apparel or suitable jewelry which was prized highly, and from these offerings for the costume of their queen, Miss Kingwood and the children soon had Marjory fitted out in queenly robes; and when they looked on her, clothed also in her glad smile of joy that she had been thought worthy of their love, every heart was full of joy even to overflowing.

The formal work of the school had not been neglected. The children read the stories they loved and with such expression as would surprise many pupils in higher grades. One phase of their work that they all enjoyed especially was the lesson in phonics, and in this, as in all their work, Miss Kingwood let the children's imagination lead them to the vocal organs which were used in giving the sounds, and by this means their progress in vocal exercises was much more rapid. For instance, she led them to associate the puff of the steamboat with the letter *p*, and, wise little tots, they called it the "steamboat letter." Many similar examples were used. The program was so arranged that at the close of this period every

day the teacher of music and drawing came in for a few minutes for the work, and she said she learned much from these pupils and that she enjoyed the exercises as much as the children did.

Although some work had been done in studying birds, May seemed to be the month above all others for this delightful exercise, for all the birds had returned by this time. The lessons on building the nests, who builds them, and who feeds the baby birds were all of the greatest interest. Every day during the nest-building period the children made observations and could tell the exact materials used for each different bird's nest, and they knew where the nests were built. Tom Baker said, "The birds should be loved and protected for their beauty, for their songs, and for their usefulness." Some one else suggested that birds are like people—the father and mother making the home, and getting food for the children.

Later in the month they had a special "Bird Day," and each one represented his or her favorite bird. One said, "Oh, Miss Kingwood, may I be a robin?" Another wanted to be a bluebird, and so each made his choice, and Miss Kingwood prepared for the day, "The Burdens of Birdland." The

day's exercises were a great lesson for all, and as the fond mothers and fathers gathered into the school-room that day and heard the earnest plea of the children for the birds, the lesson they received was one they could not have obtained from books. In harmony with the spirit of the time, Miss Kingwood taught them Lucy Larcom's poem, "The Merry Brown Thrush."

Miss Kingwood, I observed, was devoted in her preparation for each day's work. She thought about each coming hour. She felt the responsibility resting upon her who attempts to guide fifty pure young lives aright. She realized that children crave for activity and more life, and in order to help them get into this larger field of experience she herself must go forth into the light of things, and have nature for *her* teacher. She felt that she must go into nature's realms, open her eyes, and see the great, wide, beautiful world, that she might know and love it.

The study of natural science in common every-day phrase, which the "educators" call "nature work," was the feature of this school, and the conversations were very much like those which had taken place in April, but the teacher wisely led them into new fields, and the blossoming vegetation opened for the

children a wonder book indeed. They called May the "blossom month." Surely you will agree that that was a good name for this incense-laden time.

The study of the blossoms gave splendid opportunity for the teacher to use the knowledge she had gained by her course in botany, but no "bookish" terms ever marred the delightful exercise of comparing the blossoms of the apple, pear, peach, and cherry trees. Many were the delicate distinctions of form, color, and fragrance that were noted and expressed in right terms under the teacher's guidance, and petal, sepal, filament, and anther, were as readily and as properly used by the children as were beak, wing, tail, or plumage when speaking of birds. But I observed that it was not these technical terms that Miss Kingwood was striving to teach—she had from the beginning set a high value on comparison and classification as a part of the educative process, and these powers were ever under the most careful direction. From observing her skilful management of these nature lessons, I said, "The teacher who can waken the soul-sense of little children to the beauty, charm, and purity of apple blossoms and can lead the little ones to talk in right language of their experiences with these

blossoms, is a teacher indeed," and I further said, "She is a greater teacher who can so direct these experiences that the child can never again look upon the flowers unmoved or pass them by unloved. This is great work for May, and because Miss Kingwood has been able to do this thing, she has given these little ones the more abundant life."

Each day some one would ask Miss Kingwood for a story, and if a primary teacher has no time on her program for a story every day, she should not let another day pass without making correction of that program. The story used may be new, or it may be one used often before. Good stories may be told many times. Children maintain their interest in the story of real life and they live through its experiences time and time again. I agree with that wise woman who said a primary teacher should be a fairy among children—a real story-teller, but with good story-telling goes good reading of stories, for by the reading the teacher brings the children to understand that the stories come from books. Knowing the stories are printed in the books creates a felt need for reading. Out of the felt need arises the desire, and out of the desire comes the determination to read, and then—learning to read is a short

and most pleasing experience. Miss Kingwood was full of this doctrine and so she read to the little ones. At this particular time she read Andersen's story of the "Five Little Peas." In this story there is much enveloped for the children to think about. It was a piece of literature in sympathy with what they had been talking about, and with what they had been doing with their little gardens wherein they had watched the seeds develop into plants.

In this school the work of each month was a natural prelude to that of the next, and Miss Kingwood believed that if they were to have a beautiful June they must have a sweet May. She fully realized that to this end much depended on her. She had another self-examination: "Had she enough of the spirit of the springtime yet to know the fullness of May? Had she 'Brushed the cobwebs from her head and swept the snow banks from her heart?' and opened that heart to every influence that would make teacher and pupil happier and better?"

The quickening everywhere, the upspringing of fresh life on every hand, and the joy of bird-note should crowd out the petty worries of school life. Miss Kingwood believed that acquaintance with nature is a sovereign

remedy for the worst boy. She would take this wayward child who tried her patience beyond endurance almost, out into the fields, to the clear meadow brook. She would help him catch its words as it went gurgling onward to the sea. She got to the soul of the boy by revealing to him her soul, and the fact that his last paper was "all blot" didn't weigh a feather on the wrong side. Out there in the fields or woods, blots, confused writing, every wrong thing was seemingly forgotten, and she sought after the child heart and usually found it, for she often said, "Don't censure the child. It may be my error that has caused him to go the wrong way; I will try to make this last week of May my best week."

Toward the close of the month Miss Kingwood thought she should at least make mention of Memorial Day, but her lesson concerning it and what it stands for was tactful indeed. She told the children just a little of the great theme. She knew that all children take great delight in listening to stories of bravery in battle. They are great hero worshippers. But she avoided telling them of the horrors of war except in the most meager outline, just enough to understand that the North and the South once were at

variance, the cause of which they would more fully learn as they grew older. Then in her quiet way she read them "Under the Sod and the Dew," and told them that Memorial Day had been set apart to remember in quietness and with grateful spirits those who had suffered for our country. She told them that our great nation paused on this day to think of the brave men who thus suffered, and that we should remember them for the sacrifice then given.

The love for the flag was strengthened by the Memorial Day lesson, and patriotism and loyalty were magnified in their lives.

X.

The Month of Roses.

THE closing days were near at hand and though Miss Kingwood realized that the time was near when she must leave these little ones whom she had learned to love so dearly, the interest in the school was as intense as ever, for it was the growth of life into more abundant life for them that was the subject nearest to her heart, and she wished, if possible, to make the last days the best days. Are not the last days of the term as full of opportunity as the earlier part of the term? This was a question of moment to her, and as she had throughout the term learned the dispositions and experiences of these children, now at the close this knowledge seemed to increase her opportunities and responsibilities. They had been her almost constant companions for nearly ten months and this experience was large with meaning to her.

To many teachers, June is looked upon as simply a new month with thirty days, no more—unless it be final examinations and the close of school. Miss Kingwood thought this should not be the feeling of the teacher, for she said, "June belongs to the children." In a friendly talk with me she said, "Every hour should bring every child some gift of grace. Soul food must be stored away during June to last until the beginning of the next school term. June is crowded with opportunities for the highest type of teaching, and only those children who come under its blessed influence will be happy."

So I thought the regular routine of school work must go on daily, but these glorious June days should illuminate the work until every little heart throbs under the inspired touch and comes to feel the instinct of "upward striving," for

What is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten.

Miss Kingwood thought there is so much in June for which we should be grateful, that she wished to have the children absorb enough

of the June feeling and June loveliness to carry in their hearts all year, and not have them lose one day of God's inspiring out-of-doors. There were so many lessons in their nature work. The first flower brought in was the violet. Some called it "Johnny-jump-up." They studied the plant life, the different varieties of violets, their color, and their uses. Tom Baker asked, "Why are plants or blossoms of different colors?" The teacher told him the color was to attract the insects to the blossoms. In talking of the use of the violet little Mary Jones said, "My sister has violet perfume."

From this and other conversation lessons, they came to the conclusion that some flowers give fragrance and beauty only, while others give us fruits, medicines, and even clothing.

Another flower that comes early and stays late is the clover blossom. This was a flower so plentiful that every child could have one, and as a result many things were learned about the clover; but what seemed to impress them most was that it slept at night. The leaf as well as the blossom occasioned comment, and when little James brought a four-leaf clover, excitement ran high; Miss Kingwood read them that beautiful poem

"THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER."

One leaf is for hope and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another one in for luck,
If you search you will find where they grow.

They asked to have it read and re-read, and finally all memorized it.

True to nature, April brought buds; May, leaves; June, flowers, and the flowers brought their companions, bees and butterflies. There seemed so much to talk about that the days were far too short. Daisies and roses were other flowers brought during the month, and Miss Kingwood did not think it was too late to learn to sing "Where Do All the Daisies Go?" And she read them that interesting little story of Andersen's "The Daisy." Some one asked if the flower's work was done when it fades, and this gave opportunity for a simple explanation of the purpose of vegetable life, and never was Miss Kingwood's power better shown than in this talk to show that the perfect plant must bring forth seed, which, when planted and nourished, would bring forth seed again by passing through the stages which they had noted in their study of the plant.

Each child was permitted to tell his or her favorite flowers, and when they entered upon

the discussion of the mission of the flowers or blossom, one timid little tot suggested that flowers make the world bright and beautiful and people happy. In these hours of communion with and about the flowers, they really got into the spirit of June.

The fourteenth day of the month brought "Flag Day," and these little ones, some of them only six years old, joined in three hearty cheers for "Old Glory," and mightily enjoyed the story of Betsy Ross and the first flag, and the younger ones seemed to get into the spirit of the day as freely as the older ones.

One of the poems in their readers was the charming little poem, "Bed in Summer," by Robert Louis Stevenson. This they read and greatly enjoyed, and the manner in which they read it indicated that it expressed the experience of every one of them.

Again and again in her self-examination, Miss Kingwood would wonder if she were leading these children aright, and she would say to herself, "What have I to show for this year's work?" But she knew that after all success in its true sense is not measurable at the end of ten months, especially in a primary school. The work of these first ten months is only the beginning, but it is the

foundation for a whole school life, and what is done at the beginning can only be measured at the end, but if the teacher feel it her duty to radiate a loving, sympathetic nature, for the benefiting of humanity, and do that duty, she will also feel that in a measure, at least, she has been successful.

Looking to the close of school, the principal announced that sometime during the month there would be an educational meeting at which the teachers would hold a conference to review the work of the term and to mark out lines of thought relative to the next year's work. At this conference he asked Miss Kingwood to give an outline of her philosophy of teaching. The principal, in a very kindly, encouraging manner, observed that they had all been helped by Miss Kingwood's work, and that it was the unanimous request of the teachers that she tell them the motives that carried her forward so well with her teaching. In a most gracious manner Miss Kingwood responded by saying:

"Until the principal asked me to tell you about my motives, I had not stopped to think what they might be. I am sure I never expected to be asked to tell my associates what should be done. I have always been

anxious to think the school all the way through from the first primary to the high school, and that is why I asked permission to visit the other rooms. I wanted to imagine every one of my pupils as he or she went through the respective grades. I have tried to be free in the thought that in the elementary school the greater portion of the child's study is the process of thinking individuals, but I have long felt that it is more important for the child to think the image of the object when the object is absent, than it is to think the object when it is present to the senses. So my work is largely planned to have each child the possessor of a well-trained memory. But the memory of images is of little value unless it is also stored with true precepts, right sentiments, and high determination. I think that experiences which make for the growing life into better and better life are the most important phases of the school life. The child explores new fields by means of experiences of the past used in memory as interpreting means, and it seems to me that in every new experience the new must be explained by the old, and believing this, I try to have every act of the pupil make for larger life by way of taking out of the unknown some new thing and making it a part of him-

self. To do this I try to make every day's work a preparation for the next day's work, every week's work a preparation for the next week, and every month a preparation for the next month, and so it must follow that every year's work must simply be the work of the next, only in a lower degree. I mean that something of all that is taught in the second year must be taught in the first, and so on throughout the entire school course. Every lesson in number, every geography lesson, every poem memorized, and in fact, everything I do is an effort to outline each succeeding year's work, then, when I have done, I feel that I have given every child a start in the whole school course. I hope I have not failed."

This was a clear statement of her creed. It had an influence on those assembled, for those present knew that Miss Kingwood had not failed.

The closing exercises of the school were very simple. They consisted of recitations and songs, but during the exercises there was a something—a medium—that seemed to carry a message from Miss Kingwood to each little heart, and she in return received a reply, and when "good-byes" were said, both teacher and pupils felt in fullest measure the

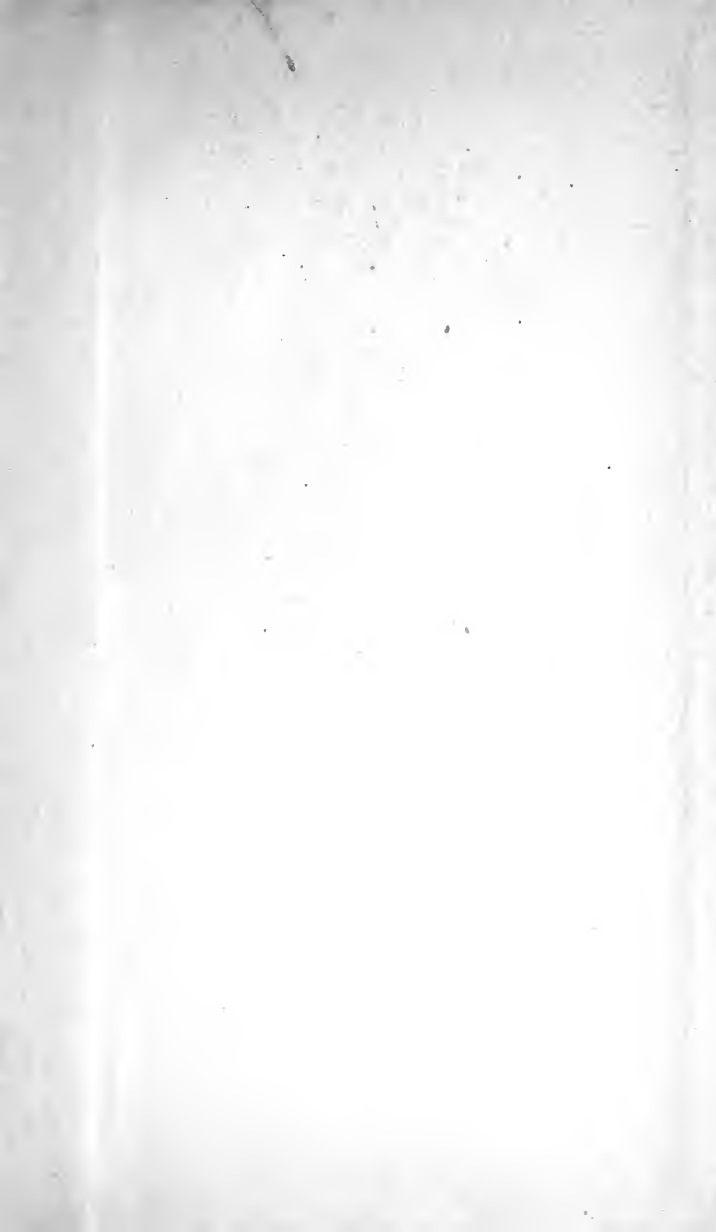
sadness of parting from those we love. The closing moment had come. Miss Kingwood could not speak. Her heart was full to overflowing. In her final self-examination in this closing hour, she looked into the eloquent eyes of the little ones and trusted that strength had been given her, that through her striving, some unfortunate tendency had been checked, some evil habit corrected, some soul awakened, some eye opened to beauty, some lonely heart comforted, and in those eyes she believed that she could read that she had been enabled so to adjust the environment, both material and spiritual, of these children, that they in turn had been enabled to set up for themselves ideals which had grown and would continue to grow in beauty and strength, and which, finally, in most beautiful lives, though perhaps unknown to her, would set the seal of approval on her efforts.

Then, when they had all gone and the presence of this teacher was no longer with me, I said, "After all, it is the personal influence of the teacher that counts most with the pupil. It is the teacher's character, her dominant personality, which determines the success or failure of every school year."

THE END.



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